

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Carrageen

And Other Legends

By K. M. Loudon









To

Lois Johnston

with love from

the Author.

1911.



Carrageen

And Other Legends



'HE GAZED AT THE BEAUTIFUL MERMAID WITHOUT SPEAKING.'—PAGE 15.

CARRAGEEN

And Other Legends

BY

K. M. LOUDON

Illustrations by Edith Scannell

EDINBURGH & LONDON
OLIPHANT ANDERSON & FERRIER
1892

AKC5936

UNIFORM WITH 'CARRAGEEN.'

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, price 1s. 6d.,

A PAIR OF PICKLES.

By EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN.

'The writer knows boys and their habits, and has a most attractive way of writing about them.'—*Glasgow S.S. Teachers' Magazine.*

EDINBURGH & LONDON
OLIPHANT ANDERSON & FERRIER.

And all Booksellers.

MORRISON AND GIBB, PRINTERS, EDINBURGH.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CARRAGEEN, ...	7
THE BELL-FLOWER: A LEGEND, ...	61
THE SKYLARK: A LEGEND, ...	73
THE PICTURE ON THE ICE KING'S THRONE, . .	85
OLD MAN'S BEARD, ...	97
WEGERICH: A LEGEND, ...	125
FLOWERS AND FAIRIES: A MODERN STORY, . .	135

Carrageen



'WASHING SEAWEED! WELL, YOU ARE A FUNNY FELLOW!'—PAGE 42.



Garrageen

THE place, an island off the west coast of Scotland—an island which we may call Eilandhu; the time, Midsummer's Eve, many hundreds of years ago. Midsummer's Eve, with a midsummer sun pouring down his brightest beams on earth and sea, with a cool west wind blowing over the land from the vast ocean beyond; a perfect day, and one in which it seemed that all men were meant to be happy. But such was not the case. A cloud was hanging over the island which both wind and sun were powerless to drive away,—a cloud which brooded over the hearts of all the dwellers in the little village, and forbade them to be happy; for the cloud was the shadow of death. Aslauga, the only daughter of the gallant old chieftain, Erc,—Aslauga, the light of her father's eyes, the pet and confidante of her brothers, the darling of the whole island,—Aslauga was dying.

Erc had lost his wife many years ago, and the devotion he had lavished upon her, while she was yet with him, had passed in double measure to the

daughter she had left behind, and to whom she had bequeathed her beauty, her kindliness of disposition, and her own sweet Northern name.

Erc's sons were fine, handsome fellows, of whom their father was justly proud; but the softest corner of his heart belonged to his youngest born, to the daughter whom death was threatening to take away. No wonder, then, that the chief was sad at heart, and that his people sorrowed with him, feeling little inclination for the games and dances, the eating and drinking, with which they had celebrated Midsummer's Eve in former years. How different it had all been but one short year ago! Then they had ushered in the day with befitting ceremony, had spent most of it in games and mimic warfare; and the prizes had been presented to the victors by Aslauga herself, who afterwards welcomed the entire village to the great feast at her father's house, and had so gaily led off the dancing which finished the doings of the great holiday.

Such had been last Midsummer's Eve. This year, except for the fire which had been lighted on the highest peak of the island, and the kindling of which was held by the people as necessary to ensure the prosperity and well-being of Eilandhu in the coming year; except, I say, for the lighting of the lucky-fire, there had been nothing to distinguish this day from its fellows. The people went about sadly, discussing now and then the mysterious nature of the disease that had laid Aslauga low; for as yet the wise women had failed to discover what was the matter with the sick girl. Every

known remedy had been tried, every potent charm against evil spirits had been uttered; but all was in vain. The wise women who were nursing the chief's daughter had told him that there was no hope, and that the end was but a matter of time. Among those who had sorrowed to hear this intelligence, none had grieved more deeply than Alfgar Sweynsson, the favourite page of old Erc. He was a boy of some fourteen or fifteen years, the son of Norse parents. His mother had been the foster-sister of the first lady Aslauga; and when the Scottish chieftain Erc, surnamed The Sailor, had in one of his voyages landed in Norway, and wooed and won the daughter of a Norse thane, Hildred, the foster-sister, had followed her lady to Eilandhu In Aslauga's train there had come, beside Hildred Hildred's betrothed, a young fellow named Sweyn, who had left his native land for the sake of his love—a step, however, which he never regretted. For some years he and his wife lived happily together in Eilandhu, and then came a dreadful day for poor Hildred. Her husband went out to fish one morning, telling her he should not be home till late. The day passed, the evening came, bringing with it a storm, but no Sweyn. The tempest raged all through the night, and the next day the waves flung a dead body up on to the beach. Hildred never really recovered from the blow, and, a year or two later, followed her husband across the dark river, leaving behind her a little boy, Alfgar, whom she recommended to the kindness and protection of the chief and his family. Erc

grew fond of the child, and kept him near his own person. He was a brave, manly fellow, but different from ordinary children. He joined in their games, and was popular with them; but what he liked best was to gather them round him, while he told them wonderful tales of fairies and merfolk, and so forth. The children, while liking him, were at the same time rather in awe of him; for it was reported that Alfgar Sweynsson could hear what mortal ears were unable to hear, and see sights invisible to ordinary eyes. Among those who listened eagerly to his tales was Aslauga, with whom the boy was a great favourite, and who repaid her affection with fond, reverent love, and tendered her the homage which, in later days, was held to be the proper tribute from knight to lady. Alfgar felt, moreover, that the fact of their both bearing Norse names was an additional reason for his devoting himself to Aslauga's service. He loved Erc, and was fond of his sons, and grateful to them all for their kindness to him; but Aslauga he worshipped. And the wise women told him that Aslauga was dying. He had, of course, known for some time past that she was very ill, but that had been only in a vague, general sort of way. It was not till the Midsummer Festival had come round this year with no rejoicings to mark it, that he fully realised what Aslauga's sickness meant. Small blame to him if, when he had taken in the full significance of the sad tidings, he wept, and wept bitterly, wondering how he had been so blind as not to see, with

his loving eyes, a fact which seemed to have been patent for some time to most of the dwellers in the village. At last, feeling that he would be better if quite alone, he rose and wandered away to an unfrequented part of the island, where was a bay called the Mermaid's Bay, thinking and thinking, as he walked, if nothing could be done to save the life that was so precious to all. 'If she could but eat!' he had heard one of the wise women say; but what dainty could he tempt her with? What could he do for Aslauga, he who knew so little, when the oldest and wisest heads in the island had declared themselves unable to prevail against the disease?

Busied with such thoughts as these, Alfgar wandered slowly on, and it was some time before he reached the little bay which was his favourite spot in all the island. The Mermaid's Bay, the fishermen called it, because it was sheltered from the full force of the ocean waves by the Mermaid's Island—a curious rocky islet, which stretched more than half way across the mouth of the bay. The Eilandhu fisher-folk were brave enough, but there was not a man of them that would set foot on that little island after dark; indeed, there were few who cared to be alone on the Eilandhu side of the bay except in broad daylight. Alfgar, however, did not share in the general superstition concerning the place. He had often asked the reason why the Mermaid's Bay should have so bad a name, but had never been able to extract a satisfactory answer from the fishermen he questioned. But the super-

stition had stood him in good stead, for it had given him a retreat whither he could always go when he wanted to be alone, as was the case on this particular day.

The sun was beating down fiercely on his head, and the way had never seemed so long to Alfgar before, so it was with a sigh of relief that he sank down at last under the shadow of a great rock which stood on the beach, within a stone's throw of the water. Here he rested for some few minutes, and then determined to refresh himself by a bathe, which he accordingly did. After a good swim, Alfgar again took up his position under the rock, meaning to wait there a little longer before he turned his steps homewards. The ripple of the wavelets as they broke on the shore bade him close his eyes and slumber, and as his bathe had made him drowsy, it was not long before the lullaby took effect. A few minutes more, and Alfgar had forgotten his troubles, and was sleeping soundly.

How long he slept he did not know, but it must have been for some while, for when he awoke it was dusk, and a strange thing had happened. He was no longer under the big rock on the shore; he was in a cave, and in a large cave too, with rocky pillars that shot up for many feet, and then lost themselves in the darkness of the roof. Alfgar found himself on a comfortable couch of dry seaweed, which had evidently been made up on a low, broad ledge of rock that seemed to run round the cavern. For some minutes he was not able to see anything, but by and by his eyes became

accustomed to the dim light, and, raising himself on his elbow, he looked round him.

Suddenly he started; a voice was speaking to him; he was not alone.

'Do you know where you are?' asked the voice.

Alfgar jumped up and gazed into the darkness at the farther end of the cave, whence the voice had come.

'Who are you?' he replied, answering one question by another; 'and what do you want with me?'

As he spoke a figure advanced towards him, and Alfgar knew that his suspicions as to the place in which he found himself were correct. He was in the Mermaid's Cavern, he was addressing a mermaid. He had often heard of them, but had never seen one, so it was no wonder that his heart beat a little faster than usual as his eyes fell upon his companion. But when he looked again his fears vanished. Beauty, perfect beauty, is always allied to goodness, and in the face and form before him Alfgar saw a loveliness that could never be combined with the hard and cruel character assigned by the superstitious fishermen to the daughters of the sea. For a moment or two he gazed at the beautiful mermaid without speaking; then, kneeling at her feet, he repeated his question. The words were the same, but the voice and manner with which they were spoken were very different now that the boy could see his questioner. One thing about her struck him as strange: the fairy tales always represented the mermaidens with tails like fish, but the being before

Alfgar had the feet of a woman. 'She has loved a mortal,' thought Alfgar. 'But what is she doing here? and what does she want with me?'

But the mermaid was speaking, and Alfgar had to draw himself together and listen to what she said, instead of losing himself in wild conjectures as to who she might be.

'My name is Uarn,' said the mermaid; and, motioning to Alfgar to sit down on the seaweed-covered couch, she seated herself beside him, and said again, 'Yes, my name is Uarn. You do not know who I am, but I know you, Alfgar Sweynsson. I know you to be brave, ready-witted, and strong-armed; and I think, moreover, that you are kind-hearted, and willing to help any one in distress. I know all this about you, and that is why I have brought you here; for I am going to ask you to do a service for me which will require both courage and skill. Do you know what to-day is?'

'Midsummer's Eve,' answered Alfgar.

'Yes, Midsummer's Eve, and your birthday. Have you forgotten that? Have you never wondered why it was that you had so much sympathy with the unseen—with the fairies, elves, and merfolk? It is because you came into the world on the day which, to these races, is the greatest day of the year. Had you not possessed this sympathy, I should never have asked you to undertake this mission for me; it would have been too dangerous.'

'I am entirely at your service,' said Alfgar gallantly; 'and I am not afraid. The greater the

danger, the greater the glory. But what is it that you wish me to do?'

'Listen,' said the mermaid, 'and I will tell you as briefly as I can. Time is passing, and there is much to be done before midnight. My father is the prince of the chief river of this island; but his rule is not limited to the river alone, he has power also over part of the sea. His sovereignty over his river kingdom is absolute, but he is not all-powerful in the sea, being subject to Kiren, the king of the merfolk. As you see, I am not a real mermaiden, though our races are nearly allied; but Kiren wished to betroth me to his son, the ugliest and most stupid of all the mermen. I would have nothing to say to this proposal, and my father too said that he could never consent to my wedding Runo, the young mer-prince. He—that is my father—would never have forced me to marry any one whom I did not love; but apart from that, he had state reasons, which I do not fully understand, for opposing the match. Kiren sent messenger after messenger to my father to try and induce him to alter his decision; but it was of no use. At last, seeing that he could do nothing by fair means, Kiren resorted to subtlety and force. He begged my father to meet him here in the Mermaid's Cavern, so that he might hear from his own lips the reasons for his aversion to having Runo as a son-in-law. My father agreed, thinking that this interview might put an end to the matter. Accordingly, he set out with a small bodyguard, never dreaming of evil. When he reached the place of rendezvous, he found a goodly band of

Kiren's followers ready to receive him, though Kiren himself had not yet arrived. Soon, however, a cheer from the merfolk heralded the approach of the king, and in another minute Kiren himself entered the cavern, surrounded by the flower of the merman army. The discussion which followed was long and heated; but my father never wavered in his decision. "Once for all," he said, "my daughter shall not wed with your son." At that—but how can I tell what followed?'

'Surely,' interrupted Alfgar eagerly,—'surely the mer-king never dared to attack your father?'

'He did,' returned Uarn, who had recovered her self-possession. 'Kiren had a large band of followers with him, my father but a few trusty adherents—you can guess how the struggle would end?'

'Your father was not slain?' inquired Alfgar hesitatingly.

'No, he was not killed; but he was taken prisoner. He is a prisoner now, and unless he is free before midnight, he will have to lie bound in one of Kiren's cave dungeons till Yule. He must be set free to-night, Alfgar; and you—you will be his rescuer.'

'I am ready to do my best,' returned Alfgar; 'but how can a mortal hope to outwit the Sea King?'

'Listen to what I say,' replied Uarn, 'follow my directions, and you will succeed. My father is at present in Kiren's treasure cavern, and he is guarded by a kraken. You must kill the monster,

—there will be no one else near the place, as a kraken is considered a sufficient guard,—set my father free; and name your own reward. The treasure cavern lies below the Maiden's Cradle. You know the place?'

'Yes,' said Alfgar; 'it lies on the other side of the island. I shall have to start at once; the night is wearing on. But I have no weapon to use against the kraken. You will give me arms?'

Alfgar, as I have said before, was a brave lad, but he could not help his heart sinking at the thought of encountering a kraken. He had never seen one, but the tales he had heard of these monsters had often made his blood run cold. Imagine one of the octopi, of which you read in Jules Verne's wonderful book, *Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea*,—imagine, I say, an octopus, magnify it some ten or twenty times, at the same moment investing it with uncanny, supernatural powers, and you will have some idea of the creature against which Alfgar had pledged himself to fight. The greatness of the danger before him began to force itself on Alfgar's mind; but he had a curious faith in the mermaid's power, and could not help believing that she would never have asked him to undertake the adventure if it had been really so hopeless as it appeared.

'You will give me weapons?' he repeated.

'Yes,' answered Uarn; 'of course I will provide you with arms. See, I have everything here. First, take this dagger, and this,'—handing him a thin rod. 'Can you guess what it is? No? Well, it is a

spear, made ages and ages ago by the founder of our race,—a magic spear, but one which only a few can use. My father cannot strike with it; in his hands it is a piece of wood, nothing more; but I can use it, and so, strangely enough, can you.'

'I!' exclaimed Alfgar in surprise. 'How can that be?'

'The accident of your birth, or rather of your birthday, has invested you with more powers than you know of; but there is another thing required before the spear will obey him who holds it, and that other requisite is also possessed by you.'

'And what is that?' inquired Alfgar.

'A brave heart,' answered Uarn; 'ay, more,—a heart that is pure and true as well as brave. That I believe you to possess. But take the spear, and see for yourself whether my confidence is misplaced.'

Alfgar took the harmless-looking rod, and involuntarily put it to his lips. Instantly an inner tube shot out of the surrounding sheath, and Alfgar held in his hand a murderous weapon.

'You cannot miss your mark,' said the mermaid. 'Try the strength of your arm.'

Far away at the other end of the cavern was a large heap of seaweed, some fronds of which hung over a ledge of rock. Alfgar perceived a big air-bladder, which he thought would make a good target. He raised his hand, aimed carefully, and flung the spear, which, speeding through the cave, hit the air-bladder exactly in the centre, and with such force that it pinned it to the rock.

'Good,' said Uarn. 'Now call it back.'

'Return,' murmured Alfgar, hardly knowing what he said; and even as he spoke the word his fingers closed over the spear, and the air-bladder, with a hole through the centre, fell to the floor of the cavern.

'It is wonderful,' whispered Alfgar, gazing awe-struck at the weapon, which was now a rod again.

'That is not all,' continued Uarn. 'Look at this ring.'

Alfgar looked, and saw an amber ring in the right hand of the mermaid. In telling the story afterwards, Alfgar always spoke of Uarn as a mermaid; for, though her father was a river prince, the races of the river and sea are nearly allied, and, as Uarn had told the boy, her father had authority over part of the sea as well as over all the river. But to return, Alfgar, as I have said, saw the ring, and answered that he did so.

'Now, look at me,' said a voice; but the command was too hard a one for Alfgar to obey, as the owner of the voice was invisible.

'Where have you gone?' he asked, alarmed.

'Not very far; I only wished to show you what happens when I put the ring of darkness on my third finger, the third finger of my left hand. Now I have given you everything I can. Perhaps you may wonder why, with all these weapons in my possession, I have not gone myself to my father's rescue; but there are reasons for my not doing that, —reasons that you would not understand, so I shall not try and explain them to you. Now, are you

ready to start? I shall take you to the other side of the island, but I must send you to sleep again first.'

Alfgar was now determined to be surprised at nothing, so without a word he lay down again on the rocky couch where he had found himself at first, and in another minute he was unconscious of everything, even of the mysterious presence of his companion.

When he came to himself again, he was lying on the sand, and Uarn was gently fanning his face.

'Ah, you have awaked! We are near the Maiden's Cradle now. How do you feel?'

'Rather sleepy,' answered Alfgar, rubbing his eyes.

'I thought you might be; but I have something here that will soon send your drowsiness away. Drink this.'

Alfgar obediently took a little silver cup that Uarn held out to him. It was filled to the brim with a clear, colourless liquid like water. 'To the successful release of your father, princess!' he said; and, raising the cup to his lips, he emptied it at a draught. He was surprised at the effect the liquid had on him. All his drowsiness vanished, his head had never felt so clear, nor his limbs so strong. 'I am ready to start at once,' he said. 'How should I go?'

'Swim out to the Cradle, and then dive,' returned Uarn. 'Do not be afraid of the water. The draught I have just given you has made you like

one of ourselves for the time being. There is not the slightest fear of your being drowned. Here are the things you must take. Put the dagger in your girdle, so. And here is the ring of darkness; you had better put that on your finger before you enter the water. The spear you can also sling round you; it won't be in your way as it is. And now farewell, Alfgar. My best wishes and my warmest thanks go with you, and to-morrow ask what reward you will.'

'Suppose I don't see you to-morrow,' said Alfgar, 'what then?'

'Ask now; and if I can, I will do what you want.'

'Then make Aslauga well; that is all I ask. And now, farewell for the last time. Before very long, I hope that the River King will be restored to his daughter.'

Alfgar knelt and kissed the hand Uarn held out to him; then, rising, ran a little way along the beach, till he was directly opposite the Cradle rocks, which stood out some little way from the shore. Though comparatively close to the land, the water round these rocks was very deep. How deep none of the fishermen knew exactly, for they had never been able to find the bottom; only Alfgar, as he swam on, murmured to himself, 'Now, perhaps, I shall find out the depth of the Maiden's Pond, for the treasure cavern lies below the Cradle rocks, and is guarded by a kraken. It must take a good deal of water to cover a kraken.' He swam on, rounded the rocks, and found, rather to

his surprise, that instead of being tired by his swim, he was even fresher than when he started.

He felt for his various weapons, and, finding them safe, prepared to dive.

'Help me, Uarn!' he whispered. But Uarn had helped him before. The mysterious draught she had given him made him, as she said, 'one of them;' and he felt as little discomfort now, while sinking slowly down through the dark water, as he would have felt had he been walking on dry ground. Suddenly a mysterious 'something' warned him that he was near his destination. For a moment he floated motionless; then, seeing a greenish light shining a little to his left, he swam slowly towards it, and discovered that he was near the entrance to a cave. 'This must be the treasure cavern,' thought Alfgar; 'the fun will begin soon.'

His weapons were safe, his ring was on his finger, everything was ready, and the treasure cavern was not many feet from him. Alfgar summoned up all his courage, and, striking out sharply, he swam boldly through the broad channel that led to the cave. At first his eyes were nearly blinded by the sudden blaze of light inside the cavern. Hundreds upon hundreds of lamps, made of some material that Alfgar had never seen before, hung from the roof, and were fastened along the walls of the mer-king's treasure chamber, lighting up the heaps of gold and pearls, and the wonderful branching corals, that were scattered carelessly about the cave. By degrees, as his eyes grew accustomed to the glare, Alfgar perceived a solitary

figure at the far end of the cavern. 'That must be the king,' he thought; 'Uarn's father. How very lucky that the kraken is not on guard just now! Perhaps we may get away without seeing him.'

Still swimming,—for though, through the clear water, Alfgar could see the bottom of the cave, yet it was in truth many fathoms below him,—he made his way to where a man's figure sat on a ledge of rock, some few feet above the surface of the water. When he came nearer, he saw that the figure was chained. Gold handcuffs encircled the wrists, and a long gold chain was riveted to the little chain that linked the handcuffs together, passing in its turn through a gold ring which was planted in the living rock. The last link of the long chain was bigger than any of the others, and through this link was passed an iron staple, with a broad flat head, the point being fast in the rock. The River King was thus completely in the power of his captors; and Alfgar's heart swelled with pity for the loving father and patriotic prince who was forced to undergo all these indignities at the hands of his merciless foes. 'That will be work for the dagger,' murmured Alfgar. He had reached the king, and was just going to speak, when a noise behind him made him turn his head. It was well that he did so. The cave had been empty when he first entered, now it was full of merfolk. Alfgar clambered quickly out of the water, and watched the crowd as it came surging up to the feet of the royal prisoner. Alfgar, of course, was invisible, as he had not yet taken off the ring of

darkness, but he could see everything that passed, and he could also understand all that was said—a fact which caused him some slight astonishment. At the head of the procession came the mer-king, followed by a mis-shapen, malignant-looking merman, whom Alfgar immediately put down as Runo. At a little distance from the royal mermen came a crowd of sea-soldiers, the bodyguard of the king. The prisoner lifted his head, but said nothing, till Kiren, the mer-king, greeted him with a sneer.

'You have had time for reflection, prince. Have you changed your mind yet?'

'I have not altered my decision,' returned the other. 'My daughter shall never wed with your son.'

'Your Highness is perhaps aware,' said Runo, who now joined in the conversation, 'that to-night is Midsummer's Eve, and that if you are not rescued to-night (and there seems little prospect of that), you will be in our power for another half-year. We are not hard-hearted, but you will probably guess that our prisoners are not treated exactly like guests. Do you look forward to half-a-year's captivity with such pleasure that you cannot bring yourself to say a word which would change you from a prisoner to an honoured friend and ally of my father?'

'I have spoken,' answered the River King wearily. 'It cannot be as you wish. I know you can keep me here for another half-year, but after that time your power over me will be gone. And six months, after all, though long, must come to an end some time.

'It is no use saying any more just now,' said Runo. 'Let us go, father. Perhaps a month's imprisonment will make our friend more willing to hear reason.'

And Runo turned to leave the cavern; but his father had not finished his interview with his prisoner. He advanced argument after argument in favour of the match on which he had set his heart; but Salan, the River Prince, was firm. At last Kiren lost patience, and spoke words which it made Alfgar tingle to hear. Seeing at length that arguments, sneers, insults, and threats were all in vain, Kiren took his departure, followed by his retinue, saying, as he left the cave, 'You are in my power for another half-year, for your rescuer must needs be clever to pass the guard I have set outside the cave, and cleverer still to outwit my servant who is to bear you company inside here. In the meantime, farewell. I doubt not but that, when I next see you, you will be more reasonable.'

Salan did not reply, did not even look up till the silence assured him he was alone, then he sighed. 'But an hour or two longer!' he murmured. 'Has Uarn forgotten me?'

Now was Alfgar's time, and he seized the opportunity to make himself known to the king. Slipping off the ring of darkness, he placed it on his right hand, and advanced towards Salan.

'Uarn has not forgotten you, sire. She has sent me to help you escape.'

'You!' exclaimed the king. 'How can a mortal help me?'

'I can at least remove your chains, sire,' returned Alfgar; and, taking his dagger, which some instinct told him was the proper weapon to use in this case, he set to work upon the handcuffs. The king held out his manacled hands, and in a few seconds the magic dagger had done its work, the severed halves of the handcuffs dropped from the prisoner's wrists, —he was free.

'So far, so good,' said Alfgar joyously; and he thought to himself, 'Rescuing princes isn't such very hard work, after all. Ha! what is that?'

In an instant the magic ring was on his left hand, Salan sank down again on the rock, and all was as it had been a few minutes before. But what was the reason of this change? Perhaps you can guess? Kiren had sent the companion he had promised to Salan. The water in the cave was boiling and hissing, as if a volcano had broken out on the floor of the sea; but in a minute or two the tumult ceased, and Alfgar was able to see what had caused it. So this was a kraken! Alfgar did not wonder at the horror the very name inspired. A huge, shaking mass, with what seemed to him countless arms growing anyhow out of its body; cruel eyes, which, however, he only saw for a moment; an enormous, beak-like mouth, which looked as if it could easily have swallowed Alfgar at one mouthful— the whole made up a monster far from pleasing to look at. And Alfgar was to fight this creature, and he would have to begin the attack soon, as time was passing, and the River King, if not released that night, would have to undergo a long, weary half-year

of imprisonment. 'Courage!' murmured Alfgar to himself, and, raising the rod-like sheath of the magic spear, he put it to his lips; but, to his horror and dismay, the rod remained exactly as it was before. Had the mermaid played him false? No, he could not think that. Then suddenly it dawned upon him that, for some reason or other, the magic spear would not act unless the hand that held it was visible. No sooner had that thought entered his brain than he went over to Salan. 'Take the ring, sire, and escape while you can;' and even as he spoke, Alfgar placed the ring of darkness on the king's left hand.

'I thank you,' said the king; 'but what of yourself? I don't like to leave my brave rescuer in danger.'

'Never mind me, sire,' answered Alfgar. 'You are not safe yet, and time presses. Farewell!'

The king said no more, but slipped into the water, and swam towards the entrance of the cavern. Alfgar, of course, had lost sight of him since the moment that he had given him the ring, and the kraken's eyes being no sharper, the king was safe for the time being, and had every chance of reaching his river home in safety, unless some unforeseen accident occurred.

But what of Alfgar? The exchange of the ring and the subsequent disappearance of the king had all taken place in a few seconds, during which the kraken's thoughts had evidently wandered from the prisoner over whom he was supposed to be watching. But, happening to look up towards the place where

he had last seen his captive, he perceived that the figure was no longer there, but in another instant he also perceived that he, the kraken, was not the sole occupant of the cavern. Crouching on a ledge of rock, some way from the surface of the water, was a little figure, a stranger. 'Where is the king?' thought the kraken; but as he could not speak his question, he received no answer. But that new form had no business in the cave; he must take it prisoner. Then began a chase which my poor pen cannot describe as it should be described. The kraken threw out his arms, but the ledge of rock was too high for him to reach. Then, fixing his suckers on the rock, he tried to climb up out of the water. Alfgar meanwhile had never moved, but as the horror was getting nearer him, he raised the rod, which this time obeyed his wishes immediately, and, aiming at the kraken's right eye, he flung the spear with all his strength. The kraken fell back; but the effort was almost fatal to Alfgar, as he lost his balance, and slipped into the water, almost into the arms of the monster. He dived instantly, and had almost reached a place of comparative safety, when the kraken, whom pain and rage had blinded for the moment, perceived the condition of his enemy. Alfgar had reached the end of the cave, and was just about to haul himself up by a convenient piece of rock, when he was seized from behind by one of those horrible arms. To be dragged back meant certain death. Suddenly he remembered his dagger. Without loosening his hold of the rock, Alfgar drew the dagger with his free hand, and, passing it behind

him, cut fiercely at the arm which was holding him. Fortune favoured him; the dagger did its work, and Alfgar was free again. Before the kraken had time to throw out another arm, Alfgar was safe on the rocks above the water. Once there, he bethought him of his spear, which had done such good service. 'Return,' he whispered; and the magic weapon obeyed the call, coming back at once to the hand of its master.

'Only one eye between me and freedom!' said Alfgar to himself. 'Courage!'

The kraken was still swimming near him, trying every now and then to catch him. At last the opportunity came for which the boy was longing. The kraken was immediately below him, and the unwounded eye was glaring defiantly at him. 'Fail me not,' he whispered; and, flinging the spear, taking care this time to see that his feet were firm, Alfgar closed the kraken's other eye for ever.

There was tumult in the cave when the kraken entered it at first, but the boiling and seething of the water then was as a mere bubble compared to the commotion that arose now. The tortured monster swam round and round the cave, churning the water as he swam, and discharging some coal-black fluid, which made the sea like ink.

'I would kill the creature and put him out of his pain,' thought Alfgar, 'but I don't believe I can kill him. In the meantime, how am I to get out of the cave?' for the kraken, after swimming slowly round the cavern, had taken up his position near the entrance. Alfgar could never hope to pass

as long as that monster kept his place; but how make him move? Fortunately, it did not seem to occur to the kraken to leave the cave and seek help from the mer-soldiers, who, as Kiren had informed his late captive, were keeping guard outside.

Alfgar had not the slightest idea as to what hour of the night it was. Inside the cave, the radiance of the numberless lamps made it as light as day, but what was it like outside? If it had been a matter of such great importance that the River King should be released that night, Alfgar supposed that it would be also necessary for him to leave the cave before the break of another day, if he valued his life and his freedom. But the first step was to entice the kraken from the entrance of the cavern, and how was that to be accomplished?

Suddenly he remembered a power of his which gave himself great satisfaction, and which had helped not a little to gain for him the respect of the children and adults of Eilandhu. He would try that power now, and see if the accomplishment on which he prided himself would help him at all in his hour of need. Having thus decided, Alfgar raised his voice and called, but not too loud, for fear of arousing the mermen outside. His voice roused the kraken, but did not make him move. Alfgar called again, and this time his voice seemed to come not two feet from the place where the kraken floated. The monster threw out his arms, but as they caught nothing, he drew them in again, and waited, motionless as before. Alfgar grew

desperate. 'I must try the spear again,' he thought; and, suiting the action to the word, or rather thought, he flung the spear for the third time. It had the desired effect; the kraken was really roused, and, leaving his place, came swimming up to the end of the cavern. The spear was in Alfgar's hand again, but he did not wish to use it a fourth time, contenting himself with shouting to the kraken. He called his ventriloquistic powers into play again, and this time his efforts were more successful. The kraken remained at the farther end of the cavern, whence Alfgar's voice seemed to come; while our hero, creeping along the rocks to the entrance, slipped noiselessly into the water, and in another moment had left the treasure cave, as he devoutly hoped, for ever.

But his trials were not ended yet. Immediately outside the cavern were stationed some mer-soldiers, and these, having the full use of their eyes, caught sight of Alfgar, seized him, and demanded who he was and what he was doing.

This was a moment of great danger; but the good fairies who had watched over him so far did not desert him now.

'The king left me in the cavern with King Salan,' he answered. 'I was there before the kraken came, but something is the matter with him, and I came out to get help.'

'Matter with the king or the kraken?' inquired the soldiers.

'The king and the kraken,' replied Alfgar promptly. 'I think some one ought to go at once.'

The soldiers at once let go of Alfgar, and all made for the cave. It must be explained that the mer-king had more than one human page, whom a peculiar course of treatment had made almost as good water creatures as the mermen themselves. This fact would account for the absence of surprise with which the soldiers greeted the appearance of Alfgar. They did not know the pages very well, and, seeing a boy swimming calmly out of the treasure cavern, they at once concluded that he was one of the human servants of their king, and lost all thought of the messenger in that of the message he had brought. It would be rather serious for them if anything had happened to either the River King or his monstrous gaoler, and the sooner they discovered what was the matter the better. Accordingly, they let Alfgar go, and swam quickly towards the entrance of the cave; all, that is, but one merman, who remained outside, and looked after the fast-disappearing Alfgar as if he were not quite sure of him. However, no one gave chase, and Alfgar had put a good breadth of water between himself and the scene of his recent adventure, when an arrow, whizzing past his head, informed him that he was discovered, and that the mermen were on his track. Mer-soldiers are not famed for their cleverness, but they were strong, and Alfgar was beginning to feel the effects of all the excitement he had gone through. He answered the war-signal by a spurt, rousing himself and dashing through the water with a speed of which he did not know he was capable. The shore was

near; surely he would not be taken prisoner in sight of home! On he went, never turning his head to look at his pursuers, when a sudden tingling in his right arm made him slightly slacken his pace. Looking down, he saw blood flowing from a wound; the mermen's second shot had been better than their first. Alfgar turned this time to see how matters stood, and perceived that his pursuers had greatly lessened the distance between them. Could he reach the shore in time? He would try; and he struck out with renewed vigour. Alas! his spurt was answered by the mermen, nearer and nearer they came, and each moment Alfgar was growing weaker. He felt that his last effort had absorbed his fast-failing strength. Suddenly he heard a shout almost at his ear, and, looking round, he saw the malignant face of one of the mermen, who had slightly distanced his fellows. The merman did not attempt to attack Alfgar, but, swimming rapidly past him, he managed so as to place himself between the boy and the shore.

'Not caught yet!' muttered Alfgar to himself. 'Uarn, help me!'

A moment before, he had felt as if he could not swim another yard, but the new danger lent him strength. The other mermen were closing up behind him; he could but go forward. Swimming straight on, he came up with the foremost merman, and when the latter attempted to catch him, Alfgar raised his right hand and struck him full on the forehead. The merman sank, but a shout immediately behind Alfgar told him that his enemy's fall

had not been unnoticed by his comrades. But, courage! a few more strokes will bring him to land, and, raising his eyes, he sees a friendly figure on the shore. He recognises it at once; it is Uarn, and she is waiting for him. But what has happened to his head? Another blow like that, and the kraken will be avenged. But before that blow can fall, a bright beam of light flashes on the sea; the sun is up; a new day has begun, and the mermen have now no power over the child of the earth. Even as the first sunbeam kisses the water, Alfgar touches the bottom, and, a second or two later, is helped on to the beach by Uarn's kindly hand. With a sigh of relief he sinks down on the sand, hearing, as he does so, a yell of baffled rage from the mermen who had so nearly captured him, and who are now dreading their lord's displeasure, for they will have to tell him that his kraken is slain, and that the River King, his prisoner, has escaped. But Alfgar hears more than the shout of his enemies, and it is with Uarn's words of gratitude ringing in his ears, and her kiss upon his lips, that he falls asleep, utterly worn out, but conscious of having played the man, and dimly hoping that his night's adventure may in some way benefit Aslauga.

As might be expected, Alfgar slept long and soundly, and when he awoke it was to see the sun not so very far from the edge of the great ocean, into which he sinks to rest after his day's work on earth is done. Feeling thoroughly refreshed, Alfgar roused himself and looked round. He was in the

Mermaid's Bay, lying under the very same rock which had sheltered him, and under the shadow of which he had fallen asleep the day before. He was quite warm, his garments were perfectly dry, and altogether it was a little hard to believe that he had spent the previous night in such severe exertion.

His first thought, however, was for Aslauga. How was she? The idea of waiting to see if Uarn would appear to give him the promised reward did not occur to him. His chief desire was to obtain news of the sick girl he loved so well; so, rising to his feet, he shook himself, as if to cast off all supernatural impressions, and a moment later saw him on his way home, speeding along as fast as his limbs could carry him.

Arrived at the village, he was greeted with mild surprise. 'Where had he been all this time?' 'Did he know that he had been absent for nearly a day and a half?' and similar questions were put to him; but his lengthened absence, though noticed, did not excite a great deal of interest. The villagers had other matters to occupy their thoughts. Alfgar's first inquiry was for Aslauga, and though his heart sank at the 'No better,' hope revived when the woman he had questioned added, 'No better, but no worse.'

Erc was with his daughter, and as Alfgar perceived that the chief was not likely to want him for anything, he decided to retrace his steps to the Mermaid's Bay, and see whether Uarn would be as good as her word.

Accordingly, after he had rested a while, and taken some food, of which he stood greatly in need, he set out again, leaving the chieftain's house unobserved by any of the people about.

The sun had set when he arrived at his destination, and it would be some time before the moon rose, but the summer twilight enabled him to see his way quite well, and he kept a sharp look-out for the mermaid. Up and down the strip of sand paced Alfgar, sitting down now and again, and fixing his eyes so steadfastly on the sea, that it seemed almost as if he expected to summon Uarn from the deep by the intensity of his longing. Time passed, and by and by a new light on the water proclaimed that the moon was rising; but Uarn never came. Alfgar grew impatient, and, raising his voice, called her by name once, twice, three times. Still no answer; and the boy, murmuring maledictions on the faithlessness of mermaids in general, and of Uarn in particular, was just rousing himself, preparatory to going home, when a bright flash in the water arrested his attention. 'Can that be Uarn?' he murmured to himself. 'She has got everything she wants from me, and she must have taken back the magic weapons, as I missed them when I awoke; but perhaps she has remembered her promise. I'll wait and see what happens.'

The gleam of light in the water came a little nearer the shore, and then stopped. 'Uarn!' shouted Alfgar again, 'I have come to claim my reward. Cure Aslauga.'

Still no answer; but as he waited, with his eyes fixed on that luminous spot in the sea, a wave, somewhat larger than his fellows, came dashing up to his feet, and as it retreated, Alfgar perceived that it had left something on the sand. He stooped down and picked up a bunch of seaweed, entangled in which was a black object, which he at once recognised as a skate's egg. His heart grew hot within him. 'And is this my reward?' he shouted. 'Then I give you back your gift!' and, seizing the seaweed, he flung it back into the sea.

The phosphorescent gleam shone with greater radiance, and before Alfgar could retreat, a larger wave than the first one came swirling up round his feet, and left, like its predecessor, something on the sand. Again Alfgar stooped, and again he picked up the piece of seaweed he had so contemptuously flung into the water but a moment before. 'Mermaids are curious folk!' he ejaculated. 'There may be more in this gift than appears at first sight. Anyway, I'll take the seaweed home.'

So saying, he took it up, and, turning his back on the sea, he set his face homewards for the second time that day.

And as Alfgar turned, the strange light in the water grew dimmer, and finally disappeared, leaving the moonbeams in undisturbed possession of the scene.

The next morning, when he awoke, Alfgar's eyes fell upon a little bunch of seaweed which lay on the floor of his room, beside his rude bed. At first he wondered dreamily how it had got there, but in

a minute or two, the events of the past night came back to him, and in the fast-withering seaweed he recognised the mermaid's gift.

A boy's toilette in those far-back times was a very simple affair, and in a few minutes Alfgar was ready to begin his day. Taking up the seaweed, he went out of the house, hoping that the morning breezes might bring him an inspiration, and tell him the meaning of Uarn's strange token. The skate's egg that he had noticed at first was still entangled in the seaweed; and Alfgar, as he pulled it away from the fronds which held it, was astonished to hear something rattle inside. He immediately cut it open with the knife that he always carried with him, and something dropped out. Stooping to pick up this mysterious 'something,' Alfgar gave an exclamation of surprise, for in his hand lay a magnificent pearl. His first thought was one of gratitude for the gift; his second, 'Why did Uarn put it in a skate's egg, instead of simply giving me the oyster that contained it?' to which question no satisfactory answer seemed forthcoming.

'I am sure Uarn means the seaweed to be used for something too, or she would never have given it to me. The waves which cast up the bunch could have cast up the skate's egg by itself. It was not to protect that that the seaweed was sent. No, I don't understand what I am to do with it. And I cannot see how it is to benefit Aslauga;' and Alfgar heaved a deep sigh, and went back to the house with the riddle unsolved.

At the door he was met by Erc, who had some errands for him to do, and, throwing down the seaweed, Alfgar hastened to obey. All that day he was busily employed in various matters, and had little time to think about his mysterious adventure. Aslauga remained in the same weak state, but though not any better, she did not seem worse than she was on the previous day; and Alfgar, to his great happiness, was allowed to see her for a moment or two. And though he left the sickroom blinded by tears, yet he was conscious of a lightening of the load of sorrow in his heart.

'She shall have my pearl,' he resolved. 'She must get better; yet she seems to eat nothing. One of the wise women told me that milk is the only thing she can take, and only a little of that. Uarn, you said I might claim any reward I liked, and I asked you to heal Aslauga. Are you less powerful than you thought, or did you promise without being sure that you were able to perform?'

Alfgar's thoughts and spirits went up and down, now brightening a little, now despairing, then brightening again, and so on.

Late that afternoon, after he had seen Aslauga, he stumbled against a little boy, a great friend of his, who was playing near the chief's house. Alfgar, always kind to children, stopped to speak to the little fellow, and discovered, greatly to his astonishment, that the child was busy washing seaweed (Alfgar's seaweed) in a bowl of water.

'What are you doing with that, Angus?' he asked.

'It was so dirty, Alfgar,' answered the boy, 'that I am washing it.'

'Washing seaweed! Well, you are a funny fellow!' and Alfgar was passing on, when Angus ran after him.

'Where are you going, Alfgar? Do let me come with you.'

'I am going to see Mother Cumine; but how do you know that she would like to see you?'

'Oh, Mother Cumine is always glad to see me,' returned Angus confidently; 'and I do so like going to see her. She gives me honey-cakes sometimes.'

Alfgar laughed at this confession, but consented to Angus accompanying him, telling him to make haste, as he saw the child run back to the chieftain's house.

'I must take my seaweed,' he explained; and Alfgar's progress was retarded somewhat, as Angus did not like to go very fast for fear of spilling the water in the bowl, which nothing would induce him to empty out.

At last they reached the place where Mother Cumine lived, and both received a hearty welcome from the old woman. Alfgar was a great favourite of hers, as she had known and loved his mother, and had been the first to make friends with the young Norse maiden who came among the followers of Erc's Northern bride.

Angus too was made to feel, as he had told Alfgar, that 'Mother Cumine was always glad to see him.' The honey-cakes were duly presented, and after that the hostess brought out a bowl of

milk; but this the little fellow declined. 'I'll leave it here in case you change your mind,' said Mother Cumine, placing the bowl where Angus could easily reach it; from which it is to be inferred that the old lady was in the habit of spoiling her young friends.

They stayed for some little time, talking and laughing with Mother Cumine, when suddenly the latter recollected that Angus's mother always expected him to be home before the sun reached a certain hill-summit, which could be seen from the window at which they were sitting.

'You must be going, Angus. Your mother will be expecting you.'

'Yes,' answered Angus, with the air of a grandfather; 'I have always a great many things to look after in the evening. Good-night. Alfgar, you will come home with me, won't you?'

'Yes; by the way, I have a message to your mother from the chief. I'll come back again this evening, Mother Cumine, as there is something that I wish specially to tell you, and to ask your advice about. Farewell for the present;' and, with a parting salute, Mother Cumine's visitors left her.

Alfgar escorted Angus to his home, saw his mother, delivered the message, and was just turning to go away, when suddenly he remembered that Angus had not brought his bowl home with him.

'Where is your seaweed, Angus?' he inquired.

The child looked up roguishly, but did not answer at once.

'Have you eaten it?' asked Alfgar, smiling.

'Not I, but perhaps Mother Cumine has by this time. It won't hurt her.'

'What do you mean?'

'Don't be angry, Alfgar! I—I put some, only a little pinch, into the milk. I don't know what made me do it. I think I wanted to see if it would swim. What is the matter, Alfgar? Seaweed isn't poison. Don't look like that;' for Alfgar's face had grown suddenly grave, and his eyebrows drew together, as they often did when their owner was thinking deeply. In another moment, however, his eyes brightened.

'You are a little rogue, Angus, but I don't think you have poisoned Mother Cumine. I am going back to see her again. Shall I tell her what tricks you have been up to this evening? And do you think she will give you honey-cakes when you go to see her again? Well, good-night;' and Alfgar smiled reassuringly at Angus, who had grown rather grave at the possible prospect of no more honey-cakes, for honey-cakes were his special weakness, and no one made them so well as Mother Cumine. Alfgar's smile, however, cheered him up again, and he shouted a noisy farewell as he saw Alfgar turn to leave the house, adding some special message for his old friend.

Some time later, Alfgar made his appearance at Mother Cumine's house for the second time that evening. (And here I shall make a small digression to tell you that I use but one word, 'house,' to describe all the dwellings in Eilandhu, and that I leave it to your imagination to picture to your-

selves the different houses which existed at the time of which I write, though it is hardly necessary to inform you that you, when you use that word now, mean something very different from what Alfgar was accustomed to think of and to see when he spoke of the place in which he lived. I am not sure that my digression has properly explained the point I wished to make clear; but, trusting that it has, I shall now end it, and return to Alfgar, whom we left sitting with Mother Cumine.)

'Welcome back again, my son,' said the old woman. 'You said you had some matters to tell me? Speak on, and do not think that I am not listening if I get up now and again to stir the milk I am heating for my evening meal. You have not supped yet; perhaps you will join me?'

'That will I, mother, and thank you. But what are you going to do with the milk? Will you let me watch you? My story can wait.'

The old woman smiled, and bustled about, setting two wooden platters for herself and her guest on the board that served her for a table, placing cheese and barley-cakes on larger trenchers, and thereafter turning her attention to the bowl of milk, which had evidently not been removed from the spot in which she had placed it after having offered it to Angus. Alfgar, following her movements with his eyes, saw the bowl which Angus had left behind him, near the bowl of milk; but Mother Cumine did not appear to notice the stranger.

'I am going to boil this milk,' she announced;

'but you, I suppose, would like something cold on a night like this?'

'I should like my milk hot too, please,' replied Alfgar, who seemed to take an extraordinary interest in the rough earthenware bowl which his hostess was placing on the fire; and, leaving his seat, he came near and watched her as she stirred the milk now and again with a long wooden spoon.

The first stir brought to light something that had certainly no business in good milk; and Mother Cumine was just about to take it out in horror, when Alfgar stopped her.

'That is only some seaweed that Angus put in,' he said. 'It is quite harmless. Please let it remain.'

Mother Cumine looked at her guest in astonishment. 'Seaweed in milk!' she exclaimed. 'Of course I must take it out. What did the little rogue mean by playing me such a trick?'

But Alfgar entreated more earnestly than ever that the seaweed might be allowed to remain. A thought had entered his brain, and he wished to see if it was worth anything. His anxious face was not without effect on Mother Cumine, and though she could not understand his reason, she acceded to his request; and Alfgar, somewhat to his surprise, found himself calmly giving directions to his hostess—directions, moreover, which she unhesitatingly obeyed.

'The milk is boiling now,' he announced, after a few minutes. 'Let it stand for a moment or two, so. This stuff on the top must be got rid of.

Have you anything that we could strain it through? Yes, this will do;' and, taking a utensil which was something like the sieves that you will see any day in your kitchen, he carefully allowed the milk to drain through into another bowl, while the refuse of the seaweed remained on the top of the sieve.

'Let that stand for a while, mother; and now, unless you are very hungry, sit down, and let me tell you my story. I think it will interest you.'

'I am ready, my son. But tell me first what you are going to do with that milk? I did not know before that you were skilled in cooking. And now that I come to think of it, wasn't it rather cool of you to calmly order me about in my own house? I obeyed you without asking any questions, but I should like some explanation of your proceedings now.' Then, dropping her mock-wrathful tone, Mother Cumine added, 'I am sure your story will be most interesting, Alfgar, and I am not at all too hungry to wait a while for supper. Sit down, and tell me everything;' and, motioning Alfgar to one settle, she placed herself on another, and looked at him expectantly. 'I am ready,' she repeated. 'Begin.'

Thus adjured, Alfgar began his tale, and related to Mother Cumine all the adventures that had happened to him during the last two days. Mother Cumine listened to his story with the greatest interest, giving vent now and then to some half-stifled exclamation, but carefully abstaining from interrupting the extraordinary narrative.

'I can prove to you that I am telling the truth,'

said Alfgar. 'See here;' and he handed to his listener the pearl he had that morning found in the skate's egg. 'Uarn must have put some healing ointment on my arm while I was asleep,' he continued; 'for, though you can still see the scar, the wound has closed up, and does not hurt me in the least now.'

'Your story is a very strange one, Alfgar,' said Mother Cumine, when he had finished; 'but I need hardly tell you that I believe it implicitly; though,' she added, smiling, 'you have not mentioned the proof that I consider the most convincing of all. The way you handled that seaweed assured me that something had happened.'

'By the way,' interrupted Alfgar, jumping up, 'we have been talking, or rather I have, for some time. I wonder if anything has happened to the milk?' and he went across the room, and returned to Mother Cumine with the bowl in his hands.

'The milk has become solid!' he exclaimed. 'See, I can't pour it out of the bowl.'

'It is just solid, and no more,' said Mother Cumine. 'Let me taste it;' and as she spoke, she took a spoonful of the white shape. Alfgar, with another spoon, also tasted the new dish.

'There is not much flavour in it,' he remarked, rather disconsolately.

'There is a taste of the sea. I can well imagine that it may be very nourishing. Alfgar, you know what the wise women say about Aslauga?'

'Yes, that she would get better if she would only eat, but they can get nothing delicate enough

to tempt her appetite. I don't think she would care much for this.'

'She might, Alfgar. It is something quite new, and, for all we know, it may have some healing power that we cannot discover at once. I don't think the mermaid would play you false.'

'What do you advise me to do, then?' asked Alfgar.

'I should counsel you to go and gather more of this seaweed. Do you know it?'

'Very well; I should recognise it at once. I remember now that it grows on the rocks near the Mermaid's Isle. I could easily get a quantity at low tide. I don't know its name, though. Do you?'

'I have heard it called carrageen. We women have names for nearly everything, and I know that seaweed well by sight, so to speak, though I have never used it, and, in fact, did not dream that it could be used.'

'Carrageen! Does that mean anything?'

'Nothing particular. It may mean that which grows on the rocks, but I really don't know.'

'Well, after I have gathered the seaweed,' continued Alfgar, returning to the original question, 'what am I to do then?'

'Bring it to me,' answered Mother Cumine, 'and I will make the dish that you discovered to-night, and you can take it to Aslauga herself, and may luck go with you! Ah, Alfgar, you will be highly honoured if her life is given back to her by your hands.'

Alfgar did not answer at once. His eyes were shining with a strange brilliancy, and in his heart

he was asking pardon of Uarn for ever having doubted her. That Aslauga should recover was happiness enough; but to think that he might be the means of restoring her to health, that would be joy almost too great to bear. But he remembered that Aslauga was not cured yet, and that there was work before him; so, bringing his mind back to the world of reality, he answered Mother Cumine's proposal, accepting it gratefully.

'It will be low tide early to-morrow morning, mother,' he said. 'I shall gather the seaweed then; but it will have to be dried before it can be used.'

'Bring it to me when you think it is ready,' answered Mother Cumine. 'Uarn has helped you so far; she will not fail you now.'

So it was agreed that Alfgar was to gather the seaweed and dry it, and his old friend was to make it into the dish which was to be at once food and medicine to the sick girl.

'Your story is not finished yet, Alfgar,' said Mother Cumine, as she bade him good-night, 'and the best part is yet to come.'

Three days later, the wise women who were watching the sick girl learnt that they had not so good a right to the title on which they prided themselves as they had hitherto imagined. But, to do them justice, they rejoiced that there were those who were wiser than they, and who had been able to drive back the foe against whom they themselves had struggled so long, and who had threatened them with defeat—utter and absolute defeat.

One morning, Mother Cumine, whom they all knew, had entered the sickroom, followed by Alfgar bearing a bowl of something like curdled milk. Alfgar, again, was followed by Erc, who evidently approved of whatever was going to be done, for he went to his daughter, whispered something in her ear, and, raising her head and shoulders slightly with one arm, fed her with tiny spoonfuls from Alfgar's bowl.

Aslauga, though painfully weak, was clear-headed, and asked her father what it was that he was giving her. She spoke with difficulty, but was quite able to understand what her nurses said to her, and she evidently expected an answer to her question. Her father replied by looking at Alfgar, and saying, 'It is something that Alfgar has made for you. Do you like it?'

She bent her head, smiled at Alfgar, and then, after a few more mouthfuls, made Erc understand that she had had enough.

That day there was rejoicing in Mother Cumine's dwelling. Not only had Aslauga swallowed some of the carrageen the first time it had been offered her, but later on in the day she had asked for more; and yet a third time, and then again at night, had they given her the new food, and she had accepted it. And like the first day were the days that followed, only they were happier, as very, very slowly, but surely, they led Aslauga back from the dark valley towards life and health. Every day did Mother Cumine make a bowl of carrageen, for so she called the new food, giving it the name of

the seaweed that she put in the milk, and by degrees the daily allowance increased, as Aslauga's appetite improved. Mother Cumine, after the first few days, also added strengthening wine to the milk—wine that had probably been taken from some Southern merchant by Erc in the days when he went on the Viking cruises that earned for him the title of The Sailor.

And soon the whole village knew that the shadow that had threatened them was passing away, and strange versions of Alfgar's story spread abroad; but, though these versions differed very considerably from each other, the central fact was clear—the fact that Alfgar was the saviour of the darling of Eilandhu. Every one envied him that happiness, but not so as to forget that they owed him gratitude, though, of course, he himself refused to see any question of gratitude as far as he was concerned. 'We ought all to be grateful,' he said, 'and myself more than any one; but it is to Uarn that our thanks are really due.'

I have not much more to tell; my story is nearly finished.

When Aslauga was strong enough to listen to it, she made Alfgar tell the tale of his adventures from the very beginning to the very end, and the kindness she had always felt for him deepened into a feeling in which were mingled gratitude, affection, and admiration. She could never forget what he had done for her, and, as she said, 'she did not wish to forget it.' While as for Alfgar, the thought

that he had been of some use to Aslauga made him love her more tenderly, and resolve to devote himself more than ever to her service.

There was one point, however, on which the two did not agree, and in which Aslauga was eventually forced to give way. The first day that she was able to go out of doors, Alfgar presented her with the pearl that he had promised himself to give her. Aslauga refused to accept it, saying, that it was not courteous to give away a gift; but Alfgar insisted, saying, in his turn, that he had kept a memento of the beautiful mermaid, and on Aslauga asking to see the memento, Alfgar drew out of his doublet a black, shrivelled object.

'What is that?' inquired Aslauga.

'A skate's egg,' he answered; 'but I shall call it the "Mermaid's Purse." I am sure pearls are the money of the sea. It is rather curious, though that I should be paid for fighting against the mer-king in the mer-king's own coin.'

Aslauga examined the egg, and returned it to Alfgar, saying, 'You ought to keep both, and you shall keep both.'

Alfgar looked grieved. 'I thought you would do me the favour I asked you. It is not much, is it?'

'Don't look like that, Alfgar. I tell you what I'll do. You keep the pearl till Yule-tide, and then, if you see Uarn again, ask her if you may give me the pearl, and if she does not object I'll take it, and be grateful. But I am that already,' she added, with a smile. And with this compromise Alfgar had to content himself for a while.

The time passed on. Aslauga grew stronger daily, and when Yule-tide came she was almost herself again; and the village made up for the gloom of the last Midsummer's Eve by an uproarious Yule. Alfgar joined in all the festivities heartily; but late at night, when the other revellers were going to their homes, he stole out, and, wrapping his thick winter cloak round him, made his way to the Mermaid's Bay. The moon was up, and shining brightly, and the hoar frost glittered like diamonds under her light.

All was still when Alfgar reached the beach; not a sound on the land, not a ripple on the water.

'I wonder if I shall see her, after all?' he murmured to himself, and he had scarcely uttered the words when two figures stood before him, coming he knew not whence. He looked at them for a moment, and at once recognised Uarn and her father.

'Well met, Alfgar,' she said, holding out her hand to greet him; and Alfgar, courtier-like, knelt and kissed it.

'I have come to thank you in person, Alfgar,' said another voice. 'I owe you my freedom, and I thank you.'

Alfgar saluted the River King, and then asked if it was quite safe for them to be there unattended.

'Quite safe,' answered Uarn. 'We have concluded a treaty with Kiren. Runo has found a wife among the daughters of his own race, and I am free; moreover, in the treaty there is a special clause concerning you.'

'Concerning me!' exclaimed Alfgar.

'Concerning you. Have you forgotten that last Midsummer's Eve you not only helped a state prisoner to escape from the power of the mer-king, but also slew one of his most trusty servants? Did you think that he would leave you alone without trying to revenge himself on you?'

'I never thought anything about it.'

'Ah, Aslauga occupied all your thoughts. She is better now?'

'Yes,' answered Alfgar, 'and by your help. How can we ever thank you for what you have done?'

'I am glad my medicine had such a good effect, though it was all that I could do to make you take my bunch of carrageen. You threw it back into the sea once.'

Alfgar blushed. 'I could not understand your gift,' he murmured; 'and—forgive me for asking the question—why did you let me go away without any directions as to how to prepare the seaweed?'

'That was owing to a rule of the fairy race. I don't think you will see any sense in the law that allows us to give presents to our human friends, and at the same time forbids us to explain the use of them, and I must say the meaning of our gifts is not always apparent; but the meaning is there, and, if sought for properly, it must be found.'

'I know that now; forgive me for having doubted you. And there is one other thing that I wish to ask you. You gave me a pearl, a magnificent one, for which I thank you humbly; but it is too fine

a jewel for me to keep. May I give it to Aslauga? She would not take it, she said, until I had received your permission to give it away.'

Uarn smiled. 'That is not a very complimentary way in which to treat my special gift to yourself'—

'But I have your purse,' interrupted Alfgar, showing the skate's egg as he spoke, 'and I shall never part with that.

'So be it,' answered Uarn kindly. 'Give Aslauga the pearl, if you like. Some day you may receive, I don't say that you will, but you may receive from her hands a jewel infinitely more precious than the pearl you are so anxious to give her now;' and Uarn smiled again; but before Alfgar could ask the meaning of her words she had turned away, and her father, seeing that her conversation with the boy was finished, addressed him himself.

'I have given you nothing, Alfgar,' he said; 'but the time may come when I may be of some use to you, and you may count upon my help then. In your hour of trouble, come here—I have authority over part of the sea—and call me, and I will aid you to the best of my power. Farewell.'

'Farewell, till next Midsummer's Eve, Alfgar. Think of me when you eat carrageen, and keep my purse, as you promised. I shall always remember you, and I don't want you to forget me. Farewell again, and happiness go with you! I am ready, father. Let us go;' and before Alfgar could return the salutations of the River King and

his daughter, they had disappeared as quickly and mysteriously as they had come.

Alfgar waited for a few minutes, looking on the lonely, moonlit sea, then he turned and went home, sorrowing that he should have to wait six months before he saw Uarn again.

The next day, Alfgar told Aslauga of his interview with his fairy friends, and bade her keep her promise and take the pearl, as Uarn had given him full permission to present it to her.

'How can I thank you, Alfgar? You have done so much for me!'

'Wear my pearl, Aslauga. I don't ask anything more.'

'By the way,' said Aslauga, after a pause, 'did the king tell you how he got home on that memorable night?'

'No,' answered Alfgar; then he added, 'I forgot to ask him.'

'Forgot to ask him! What on earth did you talk about all the time?'

'I have told you, haven't I?'

But he had not told her everything.

Time passed on; but the story of that eventful Midsummer's Eve was not forgotten by the villagers of Eilandhu, one reason being that carrageen became a common dish in every household, and for two or three generations, at least, those who ate it remembered him who had discovered it. And the children used to go and hunt on the beach for

mermaids' purses. They often found them lying among the seaweed that the waves had cast up, but, alas! the purses were always empty.

And Alfgar? He kept Uarn's shrivelled purse, and he obtained Erc's permission to take carrageen as his badge, so he too remembered that night.

The years rolled on; and one morning, one bright Midsummer's Eve, Alfgar received from Aslauga the gift that Uarn had said the future might have in store for him. 'A jewel, infinitely more precious than the pearl you are so anxious to give her now,' quoted Alfgar, as he kissed his bride.

'Infinitely more precious,' yes; for she had given him—herself.

Every Midsummer's Eve and every Yule did Alfgar wander to the Mermaid's Bay to meet Uarn and Salan; but he went alone, for Aslauga had gone once, but had been able to see nothing. But kindly messages were always exchanged between the daughter of earth and the child of the water; and Alfgar rarely came home from these interviews without some gift, taken from the treasure-house of the River King, and sent by Uarn to Aslauga.

And I think I may end my story now, as you have probably had enough of it. One last paragraph, and then good-bye.

After a life as happy as any earthly life could be, Alfgar and Aslauga died, and after some few years had passed, they were forgotten. Eilandhu itself vanished, its inhabitants dispersed or died,

and the place that knew it once now knows it no more. But the seaweed still covers the rocks, and the mermaids' empty purses still lie about on the beach, and tell strange stories to those who care to listen. And people still eat carrageen, but they don't think of Alfgar and Aslauga when they eat it. They would probably say that such persons never existed—and perhaps they are right. What do you think?

Note.—Carrageen, better known as Irish moss. The scientific name is *Chondrus Crispus.* In Argyleshire it is known by the pretty title of Mother of Dulse. There is sure to be some reason for the name,—there usually is some fact or legend hidden in the popular names for flowers and plants of all kinds,—though I do not know enough about Algæ to discover it. The Gaelic word for dulse itself—the original, in fact, from which our 'dulse' comes—is suggestive. It means 'water-leaf.'

The eggs of dog-fish, as well as those of the skate, are called mermaids' purses. See *Common Objects of the Sea-Shore*, by the Rev. J. G. Wood.

There is also a very good description of carrageen in the book mentioned above.



The Bell-Flower

A Legend





The Bell-Flower

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

LONG, long ago, in the olden days, when the religion of Christ was first planted in the land of Germany, a little band of missionaries settled in the heart of one of the great forests which covered the face of the country.

They made a clearing in the forest, built for themselves a monastery and chapel, and cultivated the ground round their settlement. After a time, the fame of them went out to the neighbouring villages, and men came to see who the strangers were, and what they did. The monks received their visitors kindly, and showed them all that there was to be seen. But they did more also. They spoke to those who would listen to them of the new religion which was one day to conquer the world; of the Lord Christ, who had come into that world as a man, who had lived for men, worked for them, and finally died for them, but who had risen again, conquering death, that they through Him might live for ever.

For some of the people who came to the monastery these sayings were but empty words; they heard, but they did not understand, and did not even care to understand. But with others it was not so. They heard the good tidings, and they wished to know more. These came frequently to the monastery, and after a time they realised that the religion preached by the monks was higher than their own, and that faith in an eternal, all-powerful Love—which watched over the sons of earth, which required no sacrifices to propitiate It, which, loving, asked but love in return—could satisfy their souls, as the religion of Odin and Thor could never do.

So the monks worked and prayed, and many of their hearers were converted; and the monastery became the centre of a little Christian community.

The first chapel was replaced by a larger and more beautiful one, and the monastery itself had to have buildings added to it.

So time went on; and the founders of the settlement were laid to rest in the little cemetery, and other men took their places; but the rules and regulations by which the monks were governed remained much the same. At the same hours they rose, worked, and retired to rest; and at the same hours, morning and evening, the youngest monk would stand at the chapel door, clashing together two brazen shields to let the people know that the time for mattins or vespers had come.

The monks and the people, with one exception, were quite contented with the sound of the voice

which bade them come to God's house. The times then were wild and rude, and the clash of arms seemed to them fit accompaniment for any act in their everyday life, whatever it might be.

But, as I have said before, there was one who was not content, and he was an old monk, whom we will call Brother Johannes. Ever since he entered the monastery he had been striving to fashion some instrument more worthy to bear to men the invitation to enter their Father's house than the clashing shields. He longed to hear a voice which would speak of love and peace, and which would lift the souls of men, for a short time at least, above the din and tumult of this world.

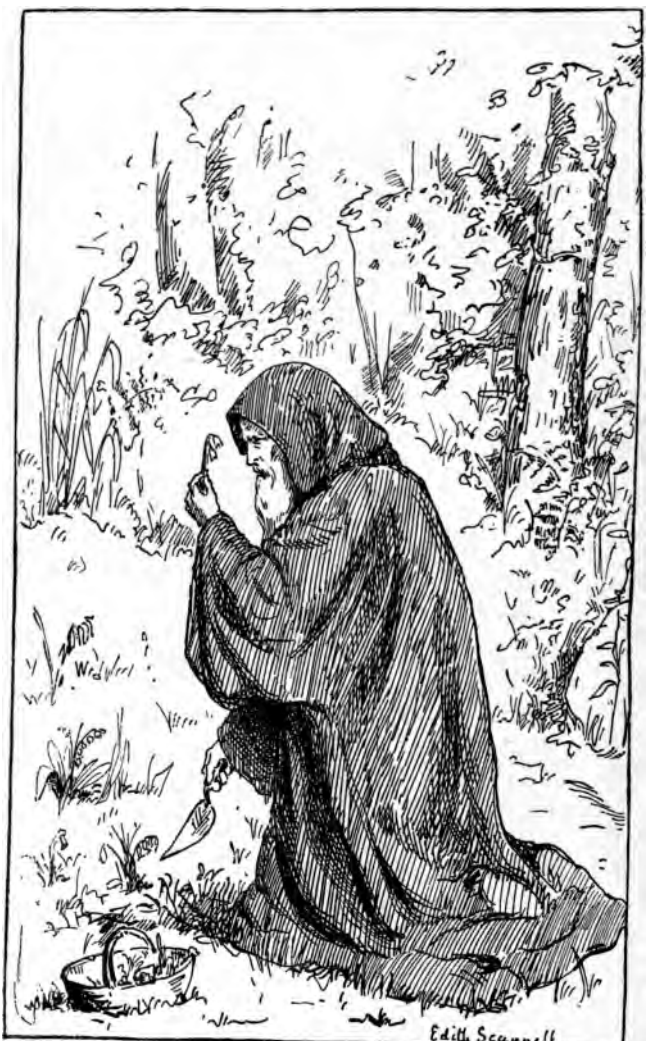
But, alas! though Johannes strove, it seemed as if he strove in vain; yet was he not discouraged, but hoped on. At first his prayer used to be, 'Lord, grant that *I* may do this;' but as he grew older, he prayed, 'Lord, if I am not worthy, then grant Thy grace to other hands than mine, that they may take the dumb metal and give to it a voice more worthy of Thy house, more fit for Thy service.'

And this second prayer seemed to bring him nearer to the desire of his heart than the first, and the certainty dawned upon him that one day he would hear the sound he so longed to hear, though he knew not whether it would be in this world or in the next.

So the days passed, and at last his prayer was answered. And it was on this wise.

In the forest, not very far from the monastery, there lay a lake, on the banks of which grew certain herbs, whereof the monks used to make healing drinks for fevers and the like. Brother Johannes was one of those skilled in leechcraft (for all the monks had not the knowledge of medicines), and one summer's day he went forth into the forest alone, intending to visit the lake and gather a basketful of the life-giving herbs. He took with him a morsel of bread, as he did not intend to return till late; and it was well for him that he did so, for ere long he found himself in an unknown part of the forest, and the conviction forced itself upon him that he had lost his way. How he had managed to stray from the path, which for a forest track was well defined, he could not explain; but the fact remained that he had strayed, and though he retraced his steps, as he thought, for a long, weary way, he only found himself plunging deeper and deeper into the forest. At last, after hours of wandering, he came to a beautiful glade, in which he found a spring, and there he resolved to pass the night. The sun had already bid farewell to the earth, and ere long the moon would rise to take his place as light-giver; so Johannes, who was more weary than he knew, thought it would not be too early to sing his evensong and lie down to rest. He had passed the night in the open air before now, so he lay down as calmly as if he were going to rest in his own cell in the monastery, and soon fell asleep.

How long he had slept he knew not, when he



THE BELL FLOWER.—PAGE 69.

was awakened by hearing the sound of music borne upon the night wind, as it came sweeping through the wood. He listened to the sweet tones, and as he listened, he thanked God, who in His own good time had sent an answer to his prayer; for, in the music, Johannes heard the voice he had so longed to hear, the voice which should be worthy to speak to men of heavenly things.

The moon was shining brightly, and by her light he could see a bed of flowers quite close to him—flowers which he had hardly noticed in the evening, but at which he now gazed with reverent interest, for he knew that it was from them that the music came. Even as he gazed, a gust of wind (though gust hardly expresses what I mean) came soughing up the glade, and Johannes saw how the flowers bent before it, and, bending, gave out the music he so rejoiced to hear. He listened long, and it was with the voice of the bell-flowers ringing in his ears that he slept again.

He awoke early next morning, and, looking round, saw the bed of bell-flowers, and felt sure that he had heard their music really and in truth, and not merely in fancy. Very carefully he dug up some five or six plants, making sure that there was plenty of soil round the roots, put them into his basket, and left the glade. He had a presentiment that he would shortly strike the right path that would take him home. Nor was he wrong, for ere long he was greeted by a woodcutter whom he knew, and who was much astonished to see him so early astir. Nor was the man's wonder lessened when Johannes

told him how he had lost his way the previous day; however, he made no remark, but escorted the monk to the broad track from which he had strayed, and which was really not so very far from the glade in which he had passed the night.

Johannes did not wander a second time, and it was not long before he entered the monastery gates, bearing his precious flowers with him.

He duly reported himself to the abbot, and obtained permission to spend as much time as he liked in the cloister smithy—a part of the monastery not much frequented by the other monks. Thither Johannes retired, taking with him one of the younger monks, who was interested in the old man's search for some instrument to replace the brazen shields. And there they worked many days, and in due time there grew out of the shapeless lumps of metal a bell-flower. Yes, there it was, resembling in every particular its prototype, its pattern; the one difference being that in the metal flower the pistil and stamens were fused together to form the tongue, which, of course, was loose. And now you must pardon me for a digression. Some people may say that the first bells had no tongues, but were struck on the outer side. You cannot do better than consult the *British Encyclopedia* on that point; you will find there an interesting article on the bell. But I am telling this story as I received it from a German friend, only that my words are poor and halting compared to hers; and the bell of the monk Johannes had a tongue, like the flower after whose likeness it was made.

So the monks worked, and their work was blessed. Then Johannes made a wooden frame, and hung the new-made instrument upon it, and fastened in the tongue loosely. He was alone, as the young monk had gone out to bid the others come to the smithy. Johannes knelt for one moment in prayer, then pulled the rope which worked the bell, and for the second time the heavenly voice sounded in his ears. Sweeter than ever rang the clear, musical tones, perhaps because, blending with the last notes, he heard the song of the angels.

When the monks came in to see Brother Johannes and his work, they found him dead,—a smile upon his lips, and a bunch of faded bell-flowers in his hand.



The Skylark

A Legend





The Skylark

'GLADYS,' said Guy, 'why is it that the lark flies when he is singing? All the other birds seem to sit while they sing.'

'He wants the clouds to come down to him,' said Gladys.

'Wants the clouds to come down to him! What for?'

'Oh, to build his nest with. He asked the Wood Spirit once, long ago, to let him fly up to the clouds and bring down one.'

'Is there a story about it?' asked Guy. 'Please tell it to me if there is.'

So his cousin, knowing that he was not hard to please, began:—

'Once upon a time, Guy, long, long ago, men believed in a Wood Spirit, who looked after the trees and the flowers, the birds and the insects. This spirit, in fact, was the guardian of everything which lived in the woods and fields. He was a very good spirit, and fond of all living things. The birds and beasts often saw him, but he seldom showed him-

self to men. Why, I do not know, but he must have had some good reason.

'One summer night, after a hard day's work, the Wood Spirit—let us call him Waldgeist—lay down to rest in a field. In the daytime he could make himself invisible if he chose, but whenever he fell asleep he lost this power, and then, of course, any one could see him. On this particular night, as I said before, Waldgeist was very tired, and he slept on into the morning.

'The sun had risen, and all the flowers and grasses bowed their heads to greet him, and the birds sang their "Good-morning" to him.

'Still Waldgeist slept on. Suddenly, through his dreams, he heard a loud chirrup and twittering beside him. He was awake in an instant, and as he raised himself in the grass, he saw two human figures coming slowly towards him. In another moment they would have seen him; but Waldgeist had the presence of mind to make himself invisible, and the figures passed on, knowing not who stood so close to them.

'Waldgeist waited till they were well out of sight, and then he turned to the bird (it was a lark) who had warned him of the approach of the men, and thanked him.

'"You have done me a service, birdie. Tell me, is there anything that I can do for you?"

'In those days, Guy, the lark had not the beautiful voice he has now. His note was neither sweet nor strong, and the other birds used to laugh at him, rather.



'IN ANOTHER MOMENT THEY WOULD HAVE SEEN HIM.'—PAGE 76.



'The lark thought for a moment, and he was just about to ask Waldgeist whether his voice could be strengthened and made more beautiful, when he felt a little peck at his wing.

'He looked round, and there he saw his mate, who said, "Has Waldgeist given you a wish? Oh, I know what I should wish for!"

'"What is it that you would like?" asked the lark.

'"I should like to get some wool from those great white sheep above us; it looks so soft and warm. Just think how cosy it would be for our nest!"

'Waldgeist had been listening to this conversation. "Surely your little ones have flown by now?" he said.

'"Oh yes," said the little hen; "but we might get some for next year."

'Waldgeist smiled; then he turned to the lark. "Your wish?" he said.

'The lark thought of his voice. Then he looked at his mate, and, thinking that it might make her happier if he wished for the wool, he said, "I wish that you would show me the way to the fields where the big white sheep are kept."

'Again the Wood Spirit smiled. "You have asked a hard thing," he said, "and yet I *can* tell you the way to those grand fields; but I doubt whether you will ever get what you want."

'The lark felt that he had been taken in. What did the spirit mean by offering him a wish, and then, when he knew what it was, saying that he could not grant it? Was he not able to grant any wish, whatever it might be?

'But Waldgeist was speaking again.

'"The way lies straight above you. Fly as straight as you can upwards, that is the road. The more you use your wings the stronger they will grow, and though, as I told you before, you will not be able to reach those fields, yet I promise you that on the journeys thither you will gain something which you do not possess now. Farewell."

'Waldgeist left the field, and the larks at once began to discuss his last words.

'"I shall gain something that I do not now possess," said the lark. "I wonder what it will be?"

'The wind came blowing over the grass.

"You seem to be having an interesting conversation," said he. "What is it all about?"

'The larks told him, and the wind laughed so loudly that the grass was quite frightened.

'"So you wanted some wool from the white sheep which graze above you!" gasped the wind. "Whatever made you think of that? Why, stupids, don't you know clouds when you see them? They are not things that you can pull down to the earth, though they fall down sometimes as rain. To think of lining your nest with a cloud!" and the wind passed on, laughing as though he would never stop.

'"How rude the wind is!" said the little hen to her husband. "I wonder if he really knows anything about it?"

'"About what?" asked a voice. It was a little breeze who spoke, a child of the wind, who had not been able to keep up with her father in his wild race.

'"The wind said that those white things far above us were clouds," said the lark, "and that we could never build our nest with them."

'"My father ought to know about them," said the breeze; "he often chases them about the sky, and has fine games with them in the field above."

'Then the breeze passed on after her father.

'"You will try and reach those things," said the lark to her mate. (In those days, Guy, larks were not so well educated as they are now, so, though you may think my little friend silly, you must not be too hard on her.)

'"Yes," he said, "I will try;" and he began to fly upwards. Poor bird! his wings were not very strong, as he did not use them much, spending most of his time on the ground, running about in the grass. However, he set out bravely, and sent down one or two little chirrups to his mate, to let her know where he was. Soon he came down—came down so quickly that his descent seemed more like a fall than a flight.

'"I shall never be able to reach the clouds," he said. "I remember now having heard somewhere that not even hawks can fly so high. It is very nice, though, to be above the grass fields; one can see so many things."

'The little hen looked disappointed. "You are tired now," she said; "but you will try again to-morrow, won't you?"

'So every day, and many times in the day, the lark flew up above the grass fields, to try and reach the clouds; and his wings became stronger, so that

he was able to fly higher and higher without getting tired. He always chirrupped a little to tell his mate that he was all right, and she was astonished to find how much sweeter and more powerful his voice had become.

'"Do you think the clouds would come down to you if you sang to them?" she asked.

'The lark had made up his mind that it was quite hopeless to think of bringing the clouds down; but, to please his little wife, he said, "I don't think they would come, but I will try and sing, if you wish it."

'"Do," said the hen.

'Then the lark rose, and, soaring upwards, began to sing. He remembered what a weak voice he had, and of how few notes his song consisted, but he sang, nevertheless, to please his wife. And he had his reward.

'Loud and clear, yet sweet, rose his voice; and the lark in that moment knew that he had found the "something" which the Wood Spirit had promised him. He sang on. At first his song was a request to the clouds to leave the fields above, and come down to the earth; but soon he changed his theme. He sang a hymn of thanks for his new gift; and dimly he felt that the gift had come to him from a Being who was greater than Waldgeist. "Thou, who givest all things," sang the lark, "I thank Thee for that which Thou hast given me; and I vow that, so far as it lies in my power, I will use my voice to comfort and cheer my fellow-creatures, and to praise and honour Thee. And this gift, which

has first come to me, I pray that it may be bestowed on all my race."

'So, on the way to the great blue fields, the lark found a voice; and I think he deserved to find it, for he had put self in the background altogether. Instead of keeping the wish Waldgeist had offered him for himself, he had given it to his wife. And he had his reward.'

'And what did the little hen think of it all?' asked Guy.

'She was very pleased with her mate's new gift, and used to listen to him with great pride. Sometimes she flew up from the grass with him, and then it began to dawn upon her that the great white sheep were really very, very far away, so, being a sensible bird in many ways, she gave up wishing for them. "After all," she said, "I daresay the wind was quite right when he told us that we could not line our nest with clouds. And really, my dear, your voice is beautiful."

'But there was one thing which showed that the little hen did not quite forget about having wished for the clouds. For the future she declined to use wool in making her nest, and, strangely enough, the other larks followed her example. If I remember rightly, a lark's nest now-a-days is made of rough fibres and grasses, lined with finer grasses; but I don't think you will find any wool in it.'

'And the lark'— began Guy.

'Went on singing to the clouds. Though he knew that he could never reach them, yet he liked

to fly as near them as he could. He felt that in some degree he owed his gift to them, and he wanted to thank them.'

'Did he sing on all through the summer?' asked Guy.

'Yes,' said Gladys. 'It is a pity that his descendants have not followed his example. They usually stop singing in July.'

'The larks that one sees in cages cannot fly upwards,' said Guy again, 'and yet they sing.'

'They try to fly,' said Gladys. 'They would if they could. I don't like to see larks in cages; yet, as you say, they sing away happily enough. But I think that if they did not sing, they would die. A gift like theirs is not meant for self alone. It is given to make the world better by making it more cheerful and more beautiful, and it must do its work.'

'I suppose the lark's relations heard this story,' said Guy, 'and they tried to fly up to the clouds too?'

'I suppose so,' said Gladys.

'Was the Wood Spirit very pleased about it?'

'Of course he was. The lark was a great friend of his.'

There was a short pause; then Guy asked—

'Is that the end?'

'Yes,' said his cousin.

'Thank you, Gladys. Who told you this story? I like it, rather; but I think that some of it is funny. Don't you?'

But Gladys did not answer, so her thoughts on the subject are not known.

The Picture on the Ice King's Throne





The Picture on the Ice King's Throne

WINTER had not come yet to the valleys, though it was fast approaching, but it was cold enough on the mountains, and cold, bitterly cold, in the far North, where the Ice King reigns all the year round. The northern lights flashed on the dead-looking world below them, yet even there the world was not dead, for in the largest and most beautiful cavern of all that Northern land, the Ice King was holding a grand assembly. Every fairy and every elf which owned him for his lord was there, so the cave, huge as it was, seemed none too large for the great host gathered together within it. On a slab of ice sat the Ice King, a crown of icicles on his head, and an icicle sceptre in his hand.

Round him were his favourite attendants, the Snow Fairies, in their soft white robes. Near the fairies stood the Frost Elves, the artists of the ice kingdom. We often see their pictures on our window panes, but unfortunately we cannot under-

stand them properly as yet. Perhaps the day may come when we shall be able to understand them, and find in them many a beautiful story and many a noble thought. But to return to the assembly.

Here and there in the cavern one might have heard sighs, and then one would have known that the Spirits of the Wind were also taking part in the council. The Ice King raised his hand, and instantly there was silence. After giving the usual orders to his armies as to the different lands they were to visit in the winter campaign, he turned to the Frost Elves, and addressed himself especially to them.

'Frost Elves,' said he, 'I have a word to say to you, a proposal to make. I know that for many, many years you have wished to possess the Pillar Cavern, in order to make it into an Art Temple. Why you should desire this cave, when you have the whole of my kingdom in which you can work, and in which you can store your treasures, I cannot tell; but since you do desire it, I will give it to you, and on this condition. You see my throne? It is uncarven, undecorated, a mere slab of ice, more fit to be the resting-place of a bear than the throne of a king. You are going soon into distant lands, and there you may see strange and beautiful sights. If you do see such sights (and you are sure to see them), impress them on your minds, that when you return you may work them into my throne You are artists indeed, and you beautify the lands you visit with your pictures. Give some of your time to me, dedicate some of your talents to my service, and I

will reward you. When my throne is finished, I will deliver the Pillar Cavern into your hands. I have spoken. Now, what say you?'

The leader of the Frost Elves stepped forward, bowed low to the king, and said, 'Sire, we thank you. Before a year has passed, your throne will be ready. It is a reproach to us that we have done so little for our king,—a reproach, sire, that I hope may never be cast on us again. We will indeed do our best to make your throne worthy of you, and if our pictures fade, we are ready to renew them every year. A small return, sire, for your gift to us, but the best we can make. Again we thank you;' and, with another low bow, the Frost Elf returned to his place. For courtly manners commend me to a Frost Elf!

The Ice King apparently had nothing more to say, for he bade farewell to the assembly, and left the cave, followed by the Snow Fairies. The Frost Elves, however, stayed some time longer; and, gathering into little groups, they discussed the king's proclamation, and speedily arrived at the conclusion that they had got the best of the bargain.

'My children,' said their leader, 'the king has been very generous to us,—for we all know that the Pillar Cavern is one of his favourite palaces,—and we must do our best to fulfil our part of the contract Now, let us go and prepare for our journey. The command to march is expected almost immediately, and we must be ready to obey it when it comes.'

'Three cheers for the king before we go!' cried a little Frost Elf; and then, while the sound of

their cheer was still echoing through the cavern, the elves departed. Those who had been chosen for foreign service revisited their favourite haunts, gathered together the things they required on their travels (a Frost Elf, be it remembered, has more kit to carry than we think), and otherwise prepared themselves to receive their marching orders. Here let us leave them. We shall probably meet them again later on.

It was early summer, and the old pine tree which had stood so long in Glendhu—the only tree for miles around—was talking quietly to himself, recalling something that had happened in the winter. In fact, the pine tree was telling a story, and he had listeners, though he knew it not.

'How cold it was that night!' said the pine. 'I remember it well, for the Snow Fairies had sent the little children to sleep who had tried to take shelter under me. But what could I do to help them?

'The boy was a pretty little fellow. The Snow Fairies did not take him into Fairyland, but they would have done so, had it not been for his sister. I remember I heard them talking:—

'"It is very cold, Maggie."

'"Yes, dear, very cold."

'Then I saw the girl take off a shawl that she had on, and put it round her brother.

'"You feel the cold more than I do, Jock, because you are younger than I am. I wonder if we are near the house?"

'Then I heard her shout, but no answer came.



'*AND THE* SNOW FAIRIES CAME AND COVERED THEM BOTH.'—PAGE 93.

'"It seems to be getting colder and colder," said the boy.

'"Is it?" and Maggie took off another garment and threw it round her brother, as she had thrown her shawl, carefully pulling it round him. The boy, however, did not seem to notice what she was doing.

'"I am getting sleepy, Maggie. Good-night. Somebody told me once that when people went to sleep in the snow, they dreamt about Fairyland. I should like to do that. Shouldn't you?"

'The girl did not answer directly, but, taking her little brother in her arms, kissed him, and bade him good-night.

'And the Snow Fairies came and covered them both.

'The next morning a large band of Frost Elves came into the glen. I suppose the Snow Fairies had told *them* about the children, but I wonder who told the shepherd's dog? Frioch must have known somehow, for early in the morning he came up to me, and began to scratch away the snow that had gathered at my feet. Then he ran away, and I suppose he must have told his master that he had found something; for in a short time the shepherd and his brother came up, and they carried the children away. I saw the picture,—the Frost Elves told me to look at it,—and it was very beautiful. I don't think I shall ever forget it.

'Both the children were asleep, but after a long time the boy awoke. I heard afterwards that they had never expected to see him open his eyes.

'But Maggie—they could not wake her. I have seen the boy sometimes since that night. I wonder if he knows that he owes his life, at least in some degree, to his sister?'

The pine was a great thinker, but it was not often that he thought aloud.

He would have been greatly surprised had he known that this same story was being told—though, of course, in different words—to the Ice King by a Frost Elf.

Thought travels quickly, so let us follow the Frost Elves to their far Northern home, and see what they are doing.

The last time we saw the king he was presiding at a great council. It seems as if he were holding another one just now; for he is in the same large cave, which is crowded to-day, as it was then, by numbers of elves and fairies.

It is a great day for the Frost Elves, and we can easily guess why they are all so excited. For, see! at one end of the cave there is a throne, a very different throne from the one on which the Ice King is sitting. The elves have done their work, and have done it well. The new throne is finished, and every Frost Elf has contributed a picture towards its decoration. And now the leader of the Frost Elves stepped forward, and formally presented the throne to the king, who seemed delighted with the gift, and, rising from his place, walked towards it and examined it.

'I thank you,' he said. 'The pictures are all beautiful. But who did this one?'

We know the picture well. It showed two children asleep under a pine tree, with the snow lying round them.

A young Frost Elf stepped forward. 'I did, sire.'

'Where did you see the original?' asked the king.

'In Scotland, sire;' and the Frost Elf told the story which we have heard already from the pine.

'The pictures are all beautiful,' repeated the king, 'but this is the most beautiful of all.' He looked at it again, and then said, 'You have done your part of the bargain, and now I must do mine. Come with me.'

So saying, the Ice King left the cave, and led the way to the Pillar Cavern, which was quite near.

Once within the cave, one could easily understand the desire of the elves to possess it. Icicles hung from the high roof, which was supported by pillars of ice rising from the floor of the cave. These pillars were curiously twisted, and it was from them that the cave took its name. So beautiful was it that I have no words which could describe it properly. It was well worthy to be an Art Temple, and the Frost Elves determined to make their work suit the splendid treasure-house.

They knew how fond the Ice King was of the Pillar Cavern, so his gift was fully appreciated. The old Frost Elf thanked the king for his generosity, and then a unanimous cheer rose from the Frost Elves. (Why should not Frost Elves be

able to cheer as well as mortals?) The king bowed; then, turning to the Frost Elf who had painted the picture of the children, 'I wish to ask you a favour,' he said. 'Will you copy your picture on that slab of ice yonder, and paint it again on the wall of the Council Cavern? Everything that represents Nature is beautiful, but that which represents Love is more beautiful still.'

So, on the throne of the Ice King, Love has the first place; and amongst all the stories which the pictures tell, he prefers the tale of the little girl who saved her brother's life at the cost of her own. And if the Ice King and the Frost Elves, children, think so much of human love, should not we think more of it than we do?

Old Man's Beard





Old Man's Beard

LONG, long ago, as every one knows, there were no fairies in this country, but only mortals and dwarfs. There are mortals still; but what has happened to the dwarfs?

Well, any one who is at all acquainted with the *Child's History of Fairyland* will remember the chapter which tells about the landing of the fairy folk in Britain. It must, however, be admitted that the chapter referred to forgets entirely to tell us where these fairies came from, but it is probable that that branch of the fairy race in which we are most interested migrated from some Northern land. They found the woods and hills of Britain occupied by the dwarfs—a strange people, living apart from men, but using their influence, when they did interfere in human affairs, for evil rather than for good. The main body of the fairies landed on the west coast of Britain (what the name of the country was in that early age, the *History* does not tell us); from thence they spread all over the island, and, naturally, came in contact with the dwarfs.

For a short time they lived together in a state

of armed neutrality; but it was not to be expected that the dwarfs would tamely submit to the invasion of their territory by the fairies, so, before long, war was declared.

Fiercely did the fight rage, but the battle went against the dwarfs from the very first. They were driven back from mountain to mountain, from wood to wood, and when their king was taken prisoner they knew that their cause was lost, for the fate of the dwarf race was, in some mysterious way, connected with the welfare of their king.

The fairies could not kill the dwarfs, but they could do what was just as bad, they could steal the little green caps wherein lay the power of the dwarfs. When once a dwarf had lost his cap, he was practically dead; he no longer had the power of making himself invisible, nor could he even understand what the birds and beasts around him were saying.

The fairies, on the other hand, though they never lost the supernatural powers they possessed in virtue of their fairy blood, were, in one respect, nearer to mortals than were the dwarfs. They could be easily disabled, and when a fairy is wounded, he takes some time to recover.

You must forgive me for this long digression, but I wish to give you some idea of the conditions under which the war between the dwarfs and fairies was carried on.

The *History* to which I have referred before, gives rather a rambling account of this war, and as the details are not very interesting, we will not lose any

time over them, but hasten on to the end of the *History*, to that page which tells of the fall of the dwarfs. It tells how one of the fairy leaders, a bright, cunning little fellow, managed to get possession of the Dwarf King's cap. When once his cap was gone, it was not difficult for the fairies to take the king himself prisoner, and, as I said before, with the king fell the dwarf people, and their lands passed into the power of their conquerors.

When the sad news of the king's capture was made known, a number of the wisest dwarfs, some of whom had still their caps, went to the head-quarters of the Fairy Camp to sue for peace, and to beg for the release of their sovereign.

The Fairy Queen received them graciously, but when she heard their errand her face clouded. The fairies had not escaped scatheless in the war, and this the queen remembered, though she seemed to forget that her people were the invaders, and had not so good a right to the land for which they fought as had the dwarfs. But the pride of the dwarfs was broken, and they were ready to consent to any terms by which they could obtain the release of their king. The queen turned to their leader.

'Know you what the dwarfs do in the north?' she said. 'They reign over the metals and the minerals which the earth holds hidden, nay, they help to make the gold and silver, the copper and iron, which men seek for. A useful life, and an interesting; but they have had to say farewell to the sun and the moon, to the hills and forests, the lakes

and rivers of the upper world. Their home is near the Central Fire, and they may never come up to mix with the dwellers on earth, for the sunlight would blind them, and they would be useless for the work which they have to do. My terms may be hard, but I can give no others. Will you consent to go down to the dark under world, you and your king? Are you ready to bid farewell to the sunlight for ever, and to give up to us the hills and forests over which you have ruled so long? If you accept my conditions, your king shall be liberated at once, and I will give you seven days in which to make your preparations for departure. If, however, my conditions are not accepted, you know what to expect from us.'

'Your terms are hard,' said the leader of the dwarfs. 'We cannot come to a decision at once. Will you give us an hour's grace? At the end of that time you shall have our answer.'

'As you will,' said the queen; and the dwarfs withdrew to discuss her proposal.

At the end of the hour they again presented themselves before the queen.

'We accept your conditions,' said the captain. 'We are ready to sacrifice all we have for our king. We shall, at least, be together in the lower world, and in time, perhaps, we may again become a nation. Yes, we accept your terms; now restore our king to us.'

So the dwarfs won back their king, and so preserved their own life as a nation; but the price which they paid was a heavy one. Seven days

after the Dwarf King, Golar, was set free, the dwarfs assembled near the Fairy Camp, said their last 'Good-bye' to the upper world, and started on their journey to their new home. You may perhaps wonder why they did not rise against the fairies; but the fairies were too numerous, and too much on the alert, for any attempt of that sort, on the part of the broken-spirited dwarfs, to succeed.

Some people say that the dwarfs entered their new kingdom by the Peak Cavern in Derbyshire, while others say that the Fairy Camp, which was the place of rendezvous, was on the west coast of Scotland, and not in England at all. However, it does not much matter where the exiles started from, nor where they looked their last upon the sun. They were escorted some way on their journey by the fairies, who gave to every fifth dwarf a golden pick and shovel. 'They are going to work,' said the Fairy Queen, 'and they will want tools.' So she gave them tools, for which it is to be hoped they were grateful.

On went the dwarf army, and the first band of the dwarfs, headed by King Golar himself, had long crossed the threshold of the gloomy cave through which they were to enter the secret places of the earth and find their new home, when the rear-guard, under Ahno, the king's brother, passed the throne of the Fairy Queen, which had been placed not very far from the entrance to the cavern. Of all the dwarfs, Ahno was the most unwilling to leave the upper world, and something in his face struck the Fairy Queen as he passed by. She saw

him turn and look at the setting sun, as if he could never tear himself away from the sight. An impulse which she could not explain to herself, made her call to one of the fairies and tell him to bring Ahno to her. The rest of the dwarfs had passed on, and Ahno alone was left outside. He started when the messenger touched him, but turned at once, and went with him to the Fairy Queen.

'You are loth to leave the sun?' asked the queen.

Ahno did not answer, and it was hardly necessary; his face told more expressively than any number of words what it cost him to say farewell to the objects which he had known so long. The Fairy Queen was in a strange mood that day; perhaps she was touched at the sight of a whole nation being driven into exile. She spoke again, half to herself. 'We have triumphed,' she said; 'one dwarf cannot do us any harm.' Then she turned to Ahno. 'You are free,' she said; 'you need not follow your friends unless you like.'

For a moment Ahno stood speechless, and the queen repeated her words before he took them in. But when he did understand, he fell at her feet, and thanked her again and again.

Poor Ahno, forgetting everything that she had done to his brother and his people, forgetting that it was she who had imprisoned his comrades in the darkness of the under world, remembered only that she who had the power to make him enter that cave, had given him his liberty, and for the

moment, Riana, the Fairy Queen, had no subject more loyal and devoted than he.

'What are you going to do?' asked the queen, after Ahno had calmed himself a little.

'Go to the hills,' said Ahno.

'To the hills! Very well; but remember that though you are free you must not be idle. You know the hills well, and all the birds and beasts on them. The beasts can take care of themselves, or if they cannot, I can set a fairy over them, but you must look after the birds. All the grouse and blackcock, all the kites and eagles, and all the smaller birds, I put under your charge.'

Ahno also was in a strange mood that day.

'That is too much,' he said. 'Let me take care of the grouse and blackgame; I will look after them well.'

'So be it,' said the queen. 'And now, farewell. I am tired.'

Poor Ahno was tired too; but he set off to the hills that very day, and it was a long time before the fairies heard anything more of him.

The years passed on; and the fairies succeeded in keeping for themselves the kingdom they had taken from the dwarfs. The human inhabitants of Britain used indeed to wonder why they never saw the dwarfs, and who the little creatures were whom they saw sometimes dancing in the woods and on the hills; but by degrees this curiosity wore off, mortals accepted the existing state of things, and soon the dwarfs, for them, were as though they

had never been. And all this time, down in the depths of the earth, Golar and his servants lived and ruled, working among the metals, as the Fairy Queen had commanded.

At first there was some little commotion among the dwarfs when they discovered that Ahno was not with them, and some were very angry with him for having deserted them; but by degrees they stopped talking about him, and apparently forgot him.

And what was Ahno doing all the while? Well, he took care of the birds under his charge, and as he wandered about the hills he thought—thought of the old days when the dwarfs had been masters of the country, and wondered if it could be possible to win back the power they had lost. He thought a good deal about himself, too. Solitude, strangely enough, had made him vain. He was a good-looking old fellow, with long silky white hair, and a magnificent white beard. The dwarfs, as I said before, were a strange people, and had many peculiar customs, and one of these was that they chose their king according to the length and beauty of his beard. Each king reigned a certain number of years,—a reign was generally equal to five or six human generations,—and then resigned, when a successor was appointed. Ahno was patriotic to a certain extent, and he did not give up all hopes of seeing his people come back to the upper world some day. The only difficulty lay in finding a leader to bring them up; and then, in his waking dreams, he saw *himself* as the saviour of his race, and its unquestioned king.

'If I could only get back our green caps,' said Ahno, 'the thing might be done. Weapons forged at the Central Fire would surely have some effect on our enemies. Where can those caps be? Have the fairies destroyed them?'

One day, as he was thinking thus, he saw a hoodie-crow swoop down in a place where he knew there was a nest of grouse. Instantly he got up and ran to the place, quickly but quietly, as he wanted to catch the crow. He came up, and found what he had expected—two or three little cheepers in abject terror of the enemy who had killed one of the nestlings. Ahno had an unfailing receipt for bird-catching (we hear of it still): he used to put sand on the bird's tail. I don't think he knew about salt, or he would probably have used *it*. He used his knowledge to good purpose in this case, and Hoodie was in his power. Strangely enough, the bird did not show any alarm, though he might have known what to expect.

'I have caught you in the act, my friend,' said Ahno. 'What do you mean by killing my birds like this? However, you shall not have the chance of doing this sort of thing a second time;' and he prepared to slay Hoodie.

But Hoodie was equal to the occasion. 'I am in your power, prince; but wait one moment. Humble as I am, I may be of some service to you.'

Ahno started. 'What can you do?' he asked.

'I know the dearest wish of your heart,' said Hoodie. 'You talk aloud very often, and I can help you in one way. I know where the green

caps are. The fairies did not destroy them, but threw them together in a certain place, which I know of, and where I can easily get at them. Let me go and I will get them for you—some of them, that is.'

'Ha! ha!' said Ahno. 'So you know my thoughts, do you? And how do I know that you may not play me false if I let you go? What is to hinder your telling my thoughts to the fairies?'

'You are unjust,' said the crow. 'The dwarfs and our race have always been friends. But, very well, if you prefer to kill me, rather than allow me to help you in return for my liberty, of course you can do so.'

This speech greatly astonished Ahno; and after a few minutes' thought, he decided to try if the bird could do as he said.

'What pledge will you give me of your sincerity?' he asked.

'The hiding-place is not far from here,' answered the crow. 'Have you anything to tie round my leg?'

Ahno, after some little difficulty, produced a large skein of some fibrous material which he always carried about with him. We have nothing like that string now; the secret must have died out with Ahno. It was thin, and immensely strong, and Ahno was very proud of having discovered the way to make it.

Hoodie looked at the string. 'You may tie that round my leg,' he said. 'Now, will you believe that I am in earnest, and have no desire to play you false?'

'I do believe you,' said Ahno; but, for all that he resolved to be on the safe side, and tied the string round Hoodie's leg.

Hoodie rose in the air, and flew slowly towards a burn which ran near the place where they were standing, the skein unravelling as he flew. Hoodie was out of sight, but the skein was not more than half unwound when suddenly the tension slackened.

'The string is broken,' cried Ahno, 'and I am in that bird's power! What a fool I was to trust him! Why didn't I follow him?'

But in a minute his heart beat thankfully. Hoodie was coming back. He had been true, after all. Ahno began to wind up the skein, as Hoodie came nearer and nearer. He looked at the bird with eager eyes, and oh, joy! saw that in his beak he held something. Another minute, and Hoodie had laid a green cap at his feet.

'Do you believe me now?' asked the bird again. But Ahno was far too excited to answer. He took the cap and gazed at it fondly—it was his brother's. 'This is the first,' he murmured; 'the others will be brought too, and then'—

But at this point Hoodie interrupted him. 'Won't you set me free now?' he asked; and Ahno, stooping down, undid the string, and released him. 'Thanks,' said Hoodie; and then suddenly his manner changed. Instead of being humble, he became rather impudent.

'One good turn deserves another,' he continued; 'but one turn does not deserve two others. Do you understand? You spared my life, and I have

brought you one green cap, but if you want the others you must do something more for me.'

'But I spared your life,' said Ahno, 'on the condition that you were to bring me *all* the green caps that you could see.'

'Oh, did you?' said Hoodie. 'Yes, I believe I said that I would bring them all, but I find now that I shall not be able to get them all by myself. I shall have to get a friend to help me, and my friend will want to be paid for his service, and well paid too.'

Ahno, strangely enough, did not seem to be angry with Hoodie for having failed to keep his word; he was too much taken up with his new treasure to have many thoughts left for other matters. But he heard Hoodie's last words, and asked what price he put upon his friend's services, as if Hoodie's terms were the original ones, and the matter on hand were purely a question of buying and selling.

'I will tell you another time,' said Hoodie. 'We shall probably meet again soon, and can talk over things then. I cannot stay any longer just now. Good-bye.' So saying, Hoodie rose in the air, and was soon out of sight.

Ahno spent the rest of the day in gazing at his prize. 'Hoodie is speaking the truth,' he said; 'I feel that the caps are not far away. I wonder what he expects me to give him for them? But, after all, I don't see why I should be beholden to him a second time,—there is something I don't quite like about that bird,—why can't I find the caps

for myself? I will begin the search to-morrow; surely I ought to come upon them soon, knowing every inch of the ground about here as I do. Yes, I will look for them to-morrow.' And he did.

All the next day, and many, many days besides, were spent by Ahno in seeking for those caps; but his search was in vain. He searched every burn and every hollow for many a mile around, and all to no purpose.

'How very silly of me not to have followed Hoodie!' he murmured. 'But I won't give up hope yet. If the worst comes to the worst, I shall still be able to get the caps from Hoodie. Why, here he comes!' for Hoodie (as is often the case when one has been thinking of a person) came slowly flying towards him, and eventually settled near the large stone on which Ahno was sitting.

'You have come just at the right time,' said Ahno. 'Where are the other caps?'

'Do you remember what I said?' asked the bird. 'You must do something for me if I am to get those caps for you.' (There was no mention of Hoodie's friend this time.) 'You must buy them from me.'

'What is your price?' asked Ahno.

'A grouse for every cap.'

'A grouse for every cap!' cried Ahno. 'You forget that I am here to look after the grouse.'

'Ah, I had forgotten,' said the bird. 'Forgive me. Then there is no use discussing the matter further. Of course you cannot give me the grouse, and I am sorry that I shall not be able to give

you the caps, for I shall sell them on no other terms than these. I can safely promise you that you will not find them out by yourself. And now, good-bye. If by any chance you should change your mind, and agree to my proposals, come back again to this place. I usually come here about mid-day, and as I am here every day, I don't think there is much chance of your missing me;' and Hoodie, finishing his long harangue, spread out his wings and flew away, leaving poor Ahno in a dreadful state of confusion and indignation and bad temper generally. How could he break his trust to the Fairy Queen? And, on the other side again, came the question, whether it were not his duty to get possession of the green caps in any way he could; for that might mean the re-establishment of his people in the lands from which they had been driven by the fairies.

Poor Ahno had rather a miserable time of it for the next few days. Again and again he searched the hills, and peered into every possible and impossible crevice for the green caps, but with no result. At length he determined to stand it no longer, but to seek an interview with Hoodie, who might, after all, be generous, and put a lower price upon the caps.

Accordingly, about a week after his last meeting with Hoodie, Ahno wended his way to the trysting-place. He had not long to wait before Hoodie appeared.

'Good-day,' said the bird. 'So you have thought over the matter, have you?'

'I have,' said Ahno. 'I want the caps; it is of no use to deny that, as you can see it so plainly for yourself. But your terms are too high.'

'We are friends,' said Hoodie, 'so I am willing to lower them. One grouse for five caps. Come now, that is a handsome reduction.'

Ahno's wits were wide awake now, and as he looked at Hoodie he knew instinctively that this was the last chance; Hoodie would go no lower. But he had some questions to put before he finally closed the bargain with the bird.

'And how is the payment to be made?' asked Ahno.

'Oh, you must bring me the grouse,' said Hoodie. 'Come here when you have caught your grouse,—I only want one at a time,—and I will also come, bringing the caps. It will be quite safe, as the fairies don't come much about here. Settle the bargain, and I will give you five caps to-day without requiring any payment from you. I will give them to you as a gift, so that you may see that I am in earnest. I will fly away and get one now. It is no use your attempting to follow me' (for Ahno had risen at these words). 'You stay here, and make up your mind finally. I really think I am behaving very handsomely.'

It is not easy to say whether Ahno agreed with Hoodie on this point; but he did what he was told. He sat down again on his stone, and went over the subject again in his own mind while Hoodie was gone, and it was not till he saw the bird come flying back, that he finally decided what he would do.

On came Hoodie, bringing with him a green cap. The sight of that cap, however, settled the question.

'Well,' said the crow, as he dropped the cap at Ahno's feet, 'have you made up your mind?'

'I have,' answered Ahno. 'Five caps for every grouse, and five caps to-day without payment. Yes, I accept your terms.'

'You promise'— began Hoodie.

'Yes, I promise to come here every day with a grouse, if you undertake to fulfil your part of the agreement.'

'I do,' said Hoodie. 'Then it is a bargain. Wait a little longer and I will get the other four caps I promised you.'

Ahno waited for what seemed to him a long, long time; but at last the five caps were all in his hand. The bargain was struck.

'No retreat now,' said Ahno to himself, as he parted from Hoodie; 'I must go on. Once let me get all the caps, then I shall follow my people to the under world, but only to lead them up again to the light, and to victory. Yes, such a result is well worth the price I have to pay.'

The time passed on, and no one ever came to disturb Ahno in his solitude. The fairies had apparently forgotten his existence. All alone on the hills, he was practically 'monarch of all he surveyed,'—monarch, ay, and more, for in the last few months he had developed into a cunning tyrant. It is very true that it is 'the first step that costs;' the sight of the first grouse that fell a victim to

his arrow—for he had manufactured a bow and arrows for himself—had given him great pain. He had not much difficulty in slaying him, as naturally the bird was not afraid of Ahno, who was well known by most of the creatures on the hills, and that made the dwarf feel the greater wretch. Now, however, Ahno had killed so many grouse that his conscience had become hardened. Hoodie had kept his word, so Ahno too had to keep his part of the bargain. I should be afraid to say how many caps Ahno had in his possession; but Hoodie assured him that there were still many more in the mysterious hiding-place of which he alone knew the secret, so Ahno looked on his daily hunt after grouse as an employment that would last for many a day to come.

And what did the grouse think of it all? Ahno did not know, and I am afraid he did not care. He felt himself safe from the fairies; for, as Hoodie said, they had never come to the hills since they landed in Britain, and they were the only beings of whom Ahno was afraid.

'I shall soon have paid for the last cap,' said Ahno one day, as he wended his way as usual to the trysting-place, 'and then'—

Ahno's meditations usually ended thus. The sun was right overhead when he reached the top of the hill, and he sat down, feeling that he would not have long to wait before Hoodie appeared, as the bird was always very punctual.

Ahno, thinking as usual of his grand scheme, did not notice how the time was flying. All at

once, however, he started. The sun had travelled a good way down the sky; Ahno knew that he must have been sitting there for a long time, and yet no Hoodie—what could that mean?

'Something must have kept Hoodie to-day,' said Ahno. 'I shall come again to-morrow. He ought certainly to bring me ten caps; I am quite ready to give him two grouse. I am sorry he is not here, but I am not going to wait any longer for him;' and he turned to go down the hill, when suddenly he started again. Started! nay, absolutely jumped! What did he see? What but fairies—fairies all around him, with their queen at their head! Very different was she now from what she had been when Ahno had last seen her. Then she had been in a strange but kindly mood; now—well, to say she was angry were to state the case very mildly. Ahno trembled. Why had she come with so large a gathering? How was it that he had not seen the fairies before? Did they know about his dealings with Hoodie? These and other thoughts rushed all at once through his mind; but the queen did not give him much time to think, nor did she leave him long in doubt as to the cause of her visit. Motioning to her guards to surround Ahno, who was far too frightened to try and escape, she herself advanced towards him, and asked what he was doing there.

It sounded a simple question, but it was one to which Ahno could not find an answer. Then the Fairy Queen gave vent to her wrath.

'You may well be silent,' she said. 'You, to

whom I gave liberty, you who vowed that you would take care of my birds, is it thus that you repay me? Do you wonder how I found you out? Ah, my servants are more vigilant than you think. For more than a year have you been carrying on this horrible traffic with Hoodie. Why did I trust you? And yet I never thought that one dwarf could do so much harm. But your day is over. What punishment can we inflict upon you? Kill you, we cannot. Imprison you, we'—

'Will not, an' it please you, madam,' said the captain of the queen's guard, interrupting his sovereign with scant ceremony.

The queen, however, did not seem displeased, but said, 'What is your proposal, my friend?'

'Madam,' answered the captain, 'you know that Hoodie, when we caught him, told us why Ahno had entered into this agreement with him. I promised to give the bird his liberty if he would tell me the whole history of his dealings with this dwarf; and he did. For every grouse brought to him, the bird was to give five of those green caps, which, as your Majesty may remember, were so much prized by the dwarfs. The caps that came into our possession were buried near this place, and in some way Hoodie discovered where they were hidden, and determined to trade with them; and he did so. Ahno, seeing an opportunity for, as he thought, restoring to the dwarfs the power we had taken from them, was only too glad to do anything by which he could get the caps; the possession of them being, in his opinion, the first step towards

that end. He therefore readily fell in with Hoodie's plans. But, madam, I have reason to believe that Ahno desired something more than the restoration of his people to their ancient kingdom. He wished to reign over them himself, when they were again settled in the upper world. My proposal is this: make it impossible for him ever to rejoin his friends.'

'How?' asked the queen.

'Shave him,' said the captain,—'shave off that beard, and shave his head, and you will inflict the greatest punishment upon him that you can.'

Ahno, in the meantime, had listened in silence to what was going on around him. The fairies surrounded him on every side, so escape was impossible. But now, when he heard his fate, and knew that he could not escape it, he drew himself up and faced the Fairy Queen.

'I am utterly in your power,' he said; 'but I tell you now, that did the chance come again to me, I should act again as I have acted. I should do anything, dare anything, suffer anything, if I could drive you away from the kingdom which you have stolen from us. And yet—I deserted my brethren; so I suppose I deserve my fate.'

'Yes,' said the Fairy Queen, 'you do. Pray do not deceive yourself by thinking that you are suffering as a martyr to your patriotism. You forsook your people, and you have broken your faith to me. But we have spoken enough. Take him,' she added, turning to the chief of the bodyguard,—'take him, and shave him.'

No sooner said than done. The fairies seized



'TAKE HIM, AND SHAVE HIM.'—PAGE 118.

Ahno, who did resist at first, but in vain; and in a very short time Ahno's magnificent white beard and beautiful snowy locks were lying in a heap—a big heap, too—on the ground.

'That is well done,' said the queen. 'But one thing more, and we shall have done with him. Bring him to the loch.'

There was a small loch not very far from the place where they were standing. The fairies conducted Ahno to the edge of the loch, and bade him look into it. Unthinkingly he obeyed. The water was quite calm, and made a perfect mirror. Ahno looked and yelled, then looked again. Poor fellow! this was the hardest cut of all. You can imagine what he saw when I tell you that the fairies had no proper razors with which to operate on Ahno—no razors, only swords.

The cruel water reflected everything only too truly. Ahno looked at himself a third time, and it was enough. He rushed away from the loch, the fairies making no efforts to stop him, and made for the top of the hill, whence they had just come down. They saw him reach the top, and then he disappeared—disappeared for ever; and the fairies never saw him again.

The Fairy Queen led the way back to the spot where they had discovered Ahno. The heap of hair still lay on the ground.

'Ahno betrayed his trust,' said the queen. 'Let his punishment be a warning to others.' She waved her hand, and immediately the wind sprang up, and, catching the loose particles of hair, swept

them away, and spread them all over the country. And you can see them still. The white lichen which grows amongst the heather on the hills, sometimes in wet places and sometimes in dry, has come from Ahno's curly white locks, of which he was once so proud. And the grey lichens, which grow on fir trees and larches, as well as the long tassels which grow upon the apple trees in the southern counties of Britain, these are derived from the beard of the dwarf, hence the name. Poor Ahno, though, would hardly recognise, far less own, the greeny-grey growths to be part of himself. The clear white colour is gone; and yet, in their way, the lichens are beautiful, as everything is when we come to understand it perfectly.

The story-teller paused, and then came a round of questions from his audience.

'What happened to the caps?' asked one. 'Did the fairies find out where Ahno kept them?'

'Yes; the Fairy Queen offered a reward to any fairy who would find them, and they were discovered, hidden by a spring, and burnt.'

'And what became of Ahno?' asked another.

'I am not very sure,' said the story-teller. The fairies never saw him again; but some people believe that he appeared again under the name of Robin Goodfellow. But I am not of that opinion myself.'

'And every time I see Old Man's Beard I am to think of Ahno? I am very sorry for him, though he did break his promise to the Fairy Queen. Do

you know, uncle, I don't think I shall like it so much now?'

'Then I am very sorry that I told you this story, because I should like you to be fond of every living thing, whether plant or animal.' And the story-teller looked rather sadly at the speaker.

There was silence for a short time; then one of the boys who had been listening, spoke. 'I say, uncle,' he said, 'what is the Latin name of Old Man's Beard? and is the lichen that grows upon the apple trees nearly related to that which grows on firs?'

But the story-teller answered not. He may not have heard the question. You don't think it possible, do you, that he did not know what to answer? And yet that may have been the case, for the story-teller was not a very great botanist, and never could remember the Latin names of plants.

Wegerich

A Legend



Wegerich

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

WEGERICH, 'the plant that grows by the wayside,' that is the German name for the plantain, and I think it suits it better than our English name. That is one reason why I have chosen a German title for this legend of the plantain, and the other reason is, the fact that it was from a German lady that I heard the story which I now tell you, if you care to hear it.

I wonder if you know it already? If you do not, I think it may perhaps make you look with more interest upon the rather unattractive plant, which you see so often, but which, unless you have birds, you never dream of picking.

The story I heard (and I only wish I could tell it as it was told to me) is a very short one, and went somewhat like this:—

Long, long ago, in one of the most stately castles of ancient Germany, there lived a young knight and his newly-wedded wife, the Lady Ermentrude. Though quite a young man, Sir Hildebrand was

well known in the country as a brave warrior and true gentleman; and the old retainers who followed his banner looked on him as the noblest son of a noble race, and predicted for him a brilliant future.

For some time after his marriage, Sir Hildebrand lived peacefully at home; but after a while a rumour went about the country of approaching war, and one day a messenger arrived at the Castle with a royal summons for Sir Hildebrand. Enemies threatened the Fatherland, and the king called all his trusty knights to his aid. The preparations for departure did not take long, and all too soon for Ermentrude, came the terrible moment of parting. She had held out bravely till then, and had been quite calm while she helped her husband to buckle on his armour; but now, as she lay in his arms for the last time, she broke down, and wept bitterly.

Sir Hildebrand's squire had brought round his master's horse, and the cavalcade was waiting for him to mount and lead them out, so the parting words had to be brief.

'Farewell, my darling. Heaven grant that it may not be long ere we return! And when we have conquered the foe, and come again with honour and glory, then must thou be the first to meet us and bid us welcome home. Why, thou wilt be waiting for us—waiting for me—outside the Castle gate before that oak tree is in full leaf. Farewell again, my sweet! and Heaven keep thee and us!'

One last smile, one long last kiss, and Sir Hildebrand was on his horse; and the cavalcade, with banners flying, moved slowly out of the court-

yard, being sped on its way by the cheers of the men-at-arms who had been left behind to guard the Castle while their lord was with the king. Ermentrude gazed after the little troop till she could see them no more, and then went to the chapel to pray for the safety of him she held so dear.

News travelled slowly in those times; and the days went on, and there came no tidings of Sir Hildebrand and the gallant men who had followed the Red Lion banner. The oak tree had long been in full leaf, and yet no cavalcade came along the dusty road. But instead of living men there came, said some of the villagers, shadowy forms, when the light was getting dim, who marched along till within a little distance of the Castle, and then disappeared.

Then came rumours of a great battle, in which the enemy was vanquished, but which cost the Fatherland many and many a gallant son.

And the oak stood upright as ever, but the green leaves had become brown—and yet no Sir Hildebrand.

And what of Ermentrude? After her husband had left her, she tried to do what she knew he would have liked her to do. She tried to be cheerful and brave, and for a time she was able to put dark thoughts from her—but that was before the oak tree was fully out. After that, she had but one thought, Sir Hildebrand might come one day, and look for her by the oak tree, and she might not be there. She ought to be ready to meet him whenever he might come, and how could she if she

were always in the Castle? No, she must be outside, and the men must build a shelter for her, where she might sit and watch for her lord's home-coming, that so she might be the first to greet him when he did come.

The servants did as she commanded, and there by the oak tree she sat and watched. Feeding she knew not how, sleeping she knew neither how nor when, she sat on, watching, watching. And some of the brown oak leaves began to fall.

The old steward, who had served more than one generation of the Löwenroths, ruled the Castle; but he did not dare to whisper his own fears, nor the fancies of the villagers, to his mistress; and as his pleadings with her to take care of herself, and not expose herself as she was doing, had no effect, he had to content himself with seeing that the shelter which had been put up for her was as weather-proof and comfortable as possible.

So time went on, and the old oak tree was bare, save for one or two withered leaves which had not quite made up their minds to follow their fellows; and the village and the garrison mourned as lost the brave company which had gone out from them, not so many months ago, though they could not account for the fact that there had been absolutely no news of them. Yes, Sir Hildebrand, and those who had followed him, were mourned by all save one, and that one was Lady Ermentrude, who waited on, watching the road from early morning till night came on, and sometimes through the night till the morning came again. But the long watch ended at



'SHE SAT AND WATCHED.'—PAGE 130.

last. One evening, when the old steward went to his mistress to beg her to come in and rest, he found her strangely still, and, on looking more closely, discovered that the end had come, and that death had brought to the Lady Ermentrude a more perfect rest than she could ever have obtained on earth.

Reverently did the villagers bury her, and heartily they mourned her, for she had been good and kind to them. And even after long years had passed, and other masters ruled the Löwenroth lands, Lady Ermentrude was remembered, though it was not gratitude only that kept her memory green in the hearts of the people. On the day of her death a strange plant was discovered near by her accustomed watching-place; not a pretty flower to look at, nor fragrant to smell—nothing but a cluster of broadish leaves, and a spike of insignificant flowers. And, what was more curious still, this plant, which, so far as was known, had never been seen before, suddenly appeared in great profusion along the highway, along the paths through the corn-fields, and, in short, beside any track trodden by the feet of men. And it was not long ere the peasant mothers began to point out the wayside plant to their children, after having told them the story of Lady Ermentrude. 'There she stands,' they would say, 'by every roadside, that she may be sure to see Sir Hildebrand, and to meet him, let him come whence he may.'

This is the legend of the plantain, and though we know that Lady Ermentrude has long since

met Sir Hildebrand in the land where there is no parting yet, I still like to see in the wegerich the earnest watcher that the peasants saw, and to say like them, 'Yes, there she stands by every roadside, waiting for her love; by every highway and every footpath, that she may be sure to see him, and be the first to greet him, come he when and whence he may.'

Flowers and Fairies





Flowers and Fairies

IT was the children's hour, and a little girl was lying in her sister's arms, gazing earnestly into the fire, and thinking as earnestly of the fairy tale which had just been told her.

'Why don't we see fairies now, Marjorie?' she inquired, after a pause.

'I can't tell you, Molly dear. Perhaps it is because we have so little time to devote to them,—there are so many things we have to see to,—and fairies don't like to be hurried in their visits.'

'I am sure *that's* not the reason,' returned Molly. 'I am always thinking about them, and as I haven't much to do I should have plenty of time to talk to them, if they came to see me. Besides, all the fairies that I have ever read about paid quite short visits. Cinderella's fairy god-mother didn't stay long with her, and the wicked fairy who sent Briar Rose to sleep only came into the king's palace for a minute. The good fairies, they stayed longer, of course; but then they had been invited to a party, and it would have been very rude of them if they had gone away directly the feast was over.'

Another pause, as Marjorie did not seem inclined to advance a second opinion; then suddenly the little questioner raised herself, and sat bolt upright.

'Well, Molly,' asked her sister, smiling, 'have you discovered the reason?'

'I don't know, Marjorie, but perhaps it is because they have no pretty places to live in near here. Our garden is nice, but there is no place where they could have a ball, for instance. Is there?'

'Well, they have the downs to dance on, and there are beautiful woods all round us, where I should be very pleased to live if I were a fairy.'

'Yes,' answered Molly, with a little sigh; 'I forgot, so there are. But I never go on the downs at night, and you know that nobody ever sees fairies in the daytime.'

'I wonder if you are right there, Molly? Why shouldn't we see fairies in the daytime? Do they sleep all day?'

'No, of course not. They ride about on the butterflies and look after the flowers all day, and then at night the butterflies go to bed in the fairy stables, and the moths come out, and then the fairies ride them if they want to go anywhere. Why, Marjorie, have you forgotten? You told me all this yourself. We can't see fairies in the daytime, because—because—we can't.'

'An excellent reason, dear. Perhaps we don't see fairies at night either, because—we can't.'

But Molly's thoughts had now left the point she had started from, and were following a new road of

their own. They were evidently pleasant thoughts, for her cheeks were glowing, and her eyes dancing, as she jumped up for the second time, and exclaimed, 'I have got such a splendid idea! I'll build a house for the fairies in the garden, and then, perhaps, if a fairy should be riding over here, he might see it and go in and rest, and perhaps—perhaps, Marjorie, I might see him—see a real, live fairy!'

Marjorie laughed, and kissed the eager little face. 'I think we have been in Fairyland long enough,' she said. 'Come and show me what you have painted to-day.'

'I have drawn something all by myself,' said Molly proudly, as they moved away from the fire to a big table, on which stood a lamp. 'Look! I drew this cow all by myself. There is something wrong about this hind leg. It wouldn't go right, and so I have had to pretend that the cow was lame.'

Marjorie looked at the sketch before her. Certainly it required no very great stretch of imagination to pretend that the animal in question was lame. It could scarcely be anything else, if the representation of the limbs were at all correct; but, fortunately, one could not believe that Nature would have been cruel enough to play such a practical joke on a harmless, inoffensive cow.

'I think there is something wrong with the other legs too, Molly. Suppose you try again? Your cow doesn't stand so comfortably as the one in the copy, does it?'

'No,' admitted Molly, 'it doesn't. Let me try

the one lying down, and you can mend the other one's legs afterwards;' and, turning the page, she set to work bravely on the new copy.

After some moments' careful drawing, and — I regret to say — several licks at her pencil, she announced, 'I have done it now. It does not look very comfortable, either. Do you know, Marjorie, I think it must be having a nightmare?'

'I think so too, judging from the expression on its face. You haven't treated your cows well to-night, Molly.'

Molly did not deny the charge; she did not even answer the remark. 'The dustman is somewhere about,' she said,—'I am so sleepy. Good-night, Marjorie. Come along soon and tuck me up;' and Molly, who usually dreaded bedtime, and always tried to put off the evil hour as long as possible, gave her astonished sister the first good-night hug, and went off to bed a good quarter of an hour before her time.

'What has come over the child?' thought Marjorie. 'I hope she is not ill.'

Half an hour later, and her fears were dispelled. Molly must have fallen asleep directly her head touched the pillow, for she was already in the land of dreams when her sister came up for a final 'good-night.'

Marjorie stayed in the room a little while longer, but just as she was rising to leave it, a sound from the sleeper made her pause on her way to the door, and go over to the bed. Molly was dreaming, and dreaming happily. 'Dear Mr. Fairy,' she murmured, 'I am *so* glad to see you! Won't you'—

But the invitation was not finished. With a contented sigh the child turned over, and continued her slumbers, but not her speech.

'Fairies on the brain,' said Marjorie, as she bent down to kiss her; and Molly smiled, but did not wake.

The next morning, as the nursery window was opened to let in the fresh spring air, a butterfly, a yellow brimstone, came sailing into the room on a shaft of sunlight. Molly's mind had been occupied with practical rather than with fanciful matters during the short life of the new morning, but the sight of the butterfly recalled to her her castle-building of the previous night. The insect seemed to be a special messenger, bringing a direct command from the queen of the fairies. 'Look!' shouted the child joyfully, 'I am sure that butterfly has come to tell me not to forget what I said last night. But I wonder how the fairies knew that I meant to build them a house? Who could have told them, Marjorie? Oh, see! it is going away now.' Then, addressing her remarks to the brimstone, which had settled for a moment on the window-sill, she added: 'Give my love to the queen, please, dear butterfly, and tell her that I *am* going to build a beautiful house for her in the garden, and she may come to it whenever she likes. There may be a fairy on your back just now, but I can't see anything, so I must give my message to you. You won't forget it, will you? Good-bye, and I hope you'll get a lot of honey from the flowers to-day.—

Oh, it's gone!' for the brimstone, as if it thought that it had received as long a message as it could conveniently remember, fluttered once or twice over a vase of flowers which stood on the broad window-ledge, and then, spreading its yellow wings, floated out again into the open air, and was soon out of sight.

Lessons seemed longer and wearier than usual that day, but even the longest lesson must end some time, and at last the happy moment came when Molly was free, and could rush off to look for a site on which to build her fairies' palace, or lodge, as she preferred to call it. Round and round the garden went Molly, poking here, there, and everywhere, and finding, rather to her surprise, that she did not know the ground nearly as well as she thought she did, for she was constantly coming upon little nooks and corners which she had never noticed before. Several times she had almost settled upon a site, only to find a still more attractive place a little farther on. But she did make up her mind at last, and as her choice received the seal of Marjorie's approval, she decided to begin her work at once, so as to lose no time.

The Fortescues' garden, as Molly said, was a very nice one. It was larger than gardens usually are, even the old-fashioned ones, and had many ups and downs, many twists and turns, and a great many fine old trees. Through one end of it ran a little stream, the banks of which were covered with moss, and thickly dotted with primroses. On the top of one bank was a shrubbery, and here, amongst other

things, grew a little birch tree, a baby birch, not very tall, but with pretty, spreading branches, on which the green buds were bursting into leaf. Next to the birch stood a rhododendron bush, and the branches of the two touched, as if they liked to be near each other. Some of the lower boughs of the rhododendron had been cut, and below the encircling branches was a space, just large enough for Molly to sit in, if she curled herself up, and did not mind being a little cramped. Behind her rippled the stream; in front lay a tiny, mossy foot-path, or rather line of division between her special bushes and those beyond.

'It will be quite big enough for the fairies,' said Molly; 'and they will be able to look at the burn, if they like, for of course they can move about quite comfortably inside, and there are plenty of chinks for them to peep through. But I have a lot of things to do before it will be really ready for them;' and, bearing this ever in mind, she worked hard at beautifying the Fairies' Lodge; but she allowed no one to help her. 'It will take some days, Marjorie, but I want to make this all by myself, so please don't try to help me. I'll let you see it directly it is finished.'

The work, as Molly had prophesied, did take some days, but one morning she came to fetch Marjorie, and proudly led her to the 'Lodge.' Marjorie looked in surprise; she had not given her little sister credit for so much skill. The floor of the house was carpeted with feathery moss, fresh and green; ferns had been planted here and there

about the doors, as it were, of the fairy abode, and, strange to say, they bore their transplanting wonderfully well. Inside, there were two raised couches of moss; very grateful, one would think, to a fairy weary after a long butterfly ride or a hard day's work among the flowers. Trails of ivy—some green, some variegated—were at hand. 'They will do for curtains,' explained Molly. 'And look! I have found some splendid large fairy cups. The fairies must have been having a feast quite lately, for two or three of the cups have wine in them still. I took these two primrose plants out of my own garden. They are to be the sentries. I haven't made any little boxes for them, like the sentries have in the town; but, you see, primroses don't mind the rain like humans, do they? Aren't there a lot of buds? and they'll all bow when the queen passes. Oh, Marjorie, do you think she will like it, do you?'

'I think she ought to be very pleased with it, dear,' said Marjorie, smiling, and not caring to damp the little girl's delight by any sceptical remark concerning the existence of the queen.

'I shall have to change the moss occasionally,' continued Molly, 'or it won't look nice. I did mean to water it every day with my doll's watering can, but do you think that would give the fairies rheumatism? Nurse never allows me to lie on the grass if it is at all damp, and though it might not really do them any harm, yet perhaps, after all, they might like dry moss better than wet. I shan't do anything more to the Lodge to-day. I wonder

if the fairies know that it is quite ready for them now?'

At that moment a yellow brimstone perched on the rhododendron bush. Molly gave a little scream of delight. 'Oh, look! there is the yellow butterfly again, Marjorie. I am sure he has come to see how the house is getting on, and he will be able to tell the queen that it is finished. Oh, I wonder when she will come to look at it? I don't suppose she will care to ride over to-day, it is hardly fine enough; but perhaps she may come to-morrow. Let us go away now. The butterfly may not like to go in while we are near;' and, kissing her hand to the queen's messenger (for such she considered the butterfly to be), Molly put her hand into her sister's, and the two went away, leaving him to investigate the new building, if he felt so disposed, undisturbed by any human presence.

A thought struck Molly as she moved away. 'Marjorie, perhaps the queen is in the Lodge now. Perhaps she rode over on the brimstone. I quite forgot that she might be on his back without my seeing her. But I'll try and not think any more about her till to-morrow,'—a resolve, however, as Molly found, more easy to make than to keep. Thoughts are beyond our control, but though she could not help thinking about the new Lodge and its possible inmates, the child did keep her resolution in so far that she did not revisit the place that day.

The next day, however, after her lessons were over, Molly went off to her favourite haunt, and

waited patiently for a long time—but no sign of a fairy anywhere. Even the yellow butterfly was absent, and yet the spot was as pretty as it had been on the previous day. At last Molly gave it up; it was no use waiting any longer; she would come again in the afternoon—which she did, but with the like result, or rather want of result. Never a fairy appeared to gladden her eyes.

The week went on. Molly looked after the Lodge, watered the ferns and the sentries, changed the moss, and did all she could to make the place inviting to a fairy eye; but that for which she longed so earnestly never came. At last she grew disgusted. 'If I don't see anything to-morrow,' she said to herself, 'I'll give it up, and I won't believe in fairies any more.'

The morrow came, and Molly saw never a fairy; but as she was leaving the spot in despair, her eye fell upon something white among the leaves of the primrose. She stooped down to see what it was, and found—a white moth, an ermine. It was alive, but motionless, as moths usually are when one comes upon them in the daytime. Molly replaced it gently among the sheltering leaves of the primrose from which she had lifted it up, and returned to the house (her own house, not the one she had prepared for the fairies), with a light in her eyes, and a new idea in her mind.

'How silly of me not to have thought of it before!' she murmured. 'I'll go to-night; there is a beautiful moon just now.'

Marjorie happened to be away from home for a

day or two, so Molly did not confide her project to any one. Perhaps she may have felt a little doubtful as to whether it would meet with the approval of the nursery authorities. She was quite capable of keeping her own counsel if she considered it necessary, and neither her mother nor her nurse guessed what was passing in her mind as they bade her good-night, and tucked her up safely in her little white bed, leaving her, as they fondly imagined, to sound slumber and pleasant dreams. But perhaps you can guess what is coming, though they could not.

Molly waited till the footsteps died away, then got quietly out of bed, and, going to the window, pulled up the blind. The moon was shining brightly, and as the moonbeams came dancing into the room—though perhaps 'dance' is hardly the right word to use, moonbeams are so much more sedate than their cousins the sunbeams — they seemed to say, 'Won't you come out, Molly? won't you come out?' The child hesitated, but it was not for long. In a few minutes her stockings were on her feet, and, wrapping herself in a warm cloak, she stole out of the room, carrying her shoes in her hand. To the front door she dared not go, she could not open it without making a noise, and Molly was quite aware that her plan would never be carried out were she to meet any one on the way. Accordingly she bent her steps to the schoolroom, which had a French window opening out on to the grass. She knew that this window was never bolted till a much later hour, and, unlike

the front door, it could be opened without the slightest noise. On her way to the schoolroom she had to pass the drawing-room, and for one instant she gave herself up as lost; for she heard the handle turn and a voice say, 'I'll fetch the book; it was in the schoolroom this afternoon.' But, to her great relief, another voice replied, 'Oh, thank you, it is here;' and the first speaker left the door unopened, and apparently returned to his place, for she heard him as he moved away. Molly entered the schoolroom, opened the window, and stepped out in safety. Once outside, she waited for a moment to put on her shoes and pluck up her courage, for the moonlight ramble seemed much nicer when she had thought of it in the daytime than now, when the trees and bushes cast such strange shadows, and no one was out but herself. However, she had come so far, and she was not going to turn back now; quickly and noiselessly she made her way to the shrubbery, and in a few minutes reached the Fairies' Lodge.

Everything was as she had left it; but, alas! no fairy was resting inside. There was nothing for it but to sit down and watch—which she did. Children are unreasonable sometimes; and Molly, as she settled herself near the birch tree, made up her mind that she would see a fairy before she went away. 'If there are any at all,' she said to herself, 'they'll come to-night; and if I see nothing, why, then I shall know that there aren't such things.' A few days ago she had only hoped to see them, now she demanded it; but Molly did not trouble



'. . . OPENED THE WINDOW AND STEPPED OUT.'—PAGE 148.



herself about inconsistency. She probably would not have understood the word had any one charged her with it, and just now she had but one idea.

The time goes slowly when you are waiting for a kettle to boil, but watching for fairies at night, when you are all alone, and know that you ought to be curled up in bed, is infinitely more tiring work. The minutes seem to stand still, or crawl as if they were snails. Molly waited on, her nerves growing more excited as the moments passed. She was beginning to get cold too, and she was sleepy, yet wide awake enough to be cross. Then the wind was rising, and strange whispers came through the bushes. Molly's flesh began to creep, she hardly knew why. She did not think quite so much about the fairies just now, and longed to be safe in bed again, but found herself almost afraid to move. Suddenly a rustle near her made her start, then hasty steps came running down the little path in front of her. All at once a yell rang through the air, and a white object sprang towards her, as if it intended to jump on her head. Molly could stand it no longer. The first scream was followed by another, scarcely less piercing, as Molly turned, and, dashing through the bushes, fled through the path. As she turned, she caught sight of a tall white figure which seemed to be pursuing her. This was worse than the first white thing—it was much bigger. Molly ran on, over the little bushes, through the big ones—then came a splash. Her fear had made her forget the very existence of the burn which flowed behind the

Fairies' Lodge, and she did not see it till it was too late to stop herself. In went the child; but, fortunately, the stream was very shallow, and the shock brought her to her senses. She scrambled out, cold, wet, miserable, and, sitting down on the bank, she began to cry. The fairies were forgotten, and so for the time being were the white objects which had frightened her. She remembered nothing but her discomfort, and wished for nothing but bed. But she heard voices coming near, and recognised one—her mother's—which was calling her name.

'Molly, where are you?'

Pulling herself together, she shouted back, 'Here.' But what a poor little sound it was! However, it had the desired effect. The voices and footsteps came nearer, and in another minute Molly, dirty and dripping as she was, was clasped in her mother's arms. 'I am very sorry!' she murmured humbly; but this was no time for reproaches, and nothing was said to her to add to her trouble.

She was carried to the house, wrapped up in a hot blanket, toasted in front of a roaring fire, forced to swallow a big tumblerful of some hot drink, and put to bed again—all of which doings took only a very short time. Utterly tired out, Molly submitted to all without a word, and fell asleep as soon as her head touched the pillow. Her slumbers this time were sound, nor did the fairies trouble her again that night.

When she awoke the next morning her midnight ramble and all the adventures connected with

it came slowly back to her, and coupled with it was the knowledge that she would be called upon to give some explanation of her conduct. But this, after all, did not make her heart beat much faster. 'They will laugh at me dreadfully,' she said to herself, 'and I suppose I ought not to have done it, but it is all over now, and I shan't go fairy-hunting again in a hurry;' and, turning over, she had another comfortable doze before the unwelcome moment arrived when she was obliged to get up.

As she had expected, her mother asked her about her doings of the previous night, and Molly told everything, and was unmercifully laughed at; but that, after all, is better than being scolded.

'You gave us a great fright last night, Molly,' said her mother. 'You must not go on such expeditions again without letting us know;' and this Molly promised readily enough. Since her mother had forgiven her, she was inclined to look upon the matter as a good joke, even though it had been against herself. But there were two questions which she wished to have answered: What were the white figures which had frightened her so the night before? and when had her absence first been noticed? She was fortunate enough to have her curiosity gratified on both these points, for it transpired that the tall white figure must have belonged to a new maid who had lately come to the Fortescues. She had gone out for a stroll in the garden after her work was done, and, as the evening air was chilly, had wrapped herself in a light cloak. On her way she had encountered a trespasser—a

large white Persian cat, which often strayed into the Fortescues' garden from the next house, and which was suspected of having evil designs on a brood of young chickens which were kept near the kitchen regions. The maid had seen the would-be thief, and had immediately given chase, tracking it for some distance from the back door. She had been guilty, moreover, of throwing a stone at the animal, which must have struck it, since it gave the cry which had so startled Molly. Molly's unexpected scream, in its turn, frightened the girl to such a degree that she also fled, without stopping to see who or what it was that had uttered the second cry.

The explanation of the other point was much more simple. After seeing Molly safe in bed, the nurse had spent some time in the housekeeper's room, and would probably have stayed there much longer had not the wool with which she was knitting run short, thus rendering a journey to the nursery necessary in order to get a new ball. Arrived at the nursery, she discovered to her horror that Molly was not there. A hasty search all through the house convinced her that the child was not indoors, and she felt it necessary to tell her mistress of what had happened. Fortunately, Mrs. Fortescue was a quick-witted woman. She had noticed Molly's fondness for the shrubbery, so determined to search the garden, and set out at once herself, calling as she went along. This plan, as we know, was successful; for Molly, hearing her mother's voice, shouted in return, and was very soon found

by the rescuing party, and delivered from all her troubles.

Molly revisited the Fairies' Lodge the next day, but it no longer possessed its original charm. The moss had lost its freshness, the trails of ivy were dry and withered, and even the primroses drooped.

'No wonder they look tired,' said Molly. 'Just think what a time they have been waiting for the queen of the fairies, and she never came after all.'

But the primroses were still left to guard the approach to the palace, though it was not likely that their eyes would ever be gladdened by the sight of fairy royalty.

Since the 'good people' had taken no notice of her efforts to entertain them, and had ignored both the invitations she had sent them (the first message being entrusted to the butterfly, and the second either to the same envoy or to his double), Molly did not try a third time, but turned her thoughts to other things. Marjorie would soon be coming home, her visit having already lasted longer than she had originally intended, and Molly found some pleasant employment in counting the hours till her return. When the elder sister did come home, however, it was to find the younger one in bed, but wide awake, and looking for her appearing with as much, or even more, eagerness than she displayed when watching for the Fairy Queen.

It was too late to talk much then, but the next day Marjorie received a full, true, and particular account of the doings of the memorable night, to which she listened with interest.

'I hope you haven't had too much to do with fairies lately, Molly,' she said, when the story was ended. 'I hope you are not tired of them, or disgusted with them, for I have brought you some fresh ones.'

'Fairy stories?' exclaimed Molly. 'Oh no; I can never have too many of them. How nice of you to have brought them! But where are they?'

Marjorie produced a book. 'It is called *Flora's Feast*, Molly, and it is about flowers; but when you look at it I think you will understand my calling it a book of fairies, though there are no fairy stories in it. Your great friend, George Macdonald, says that all flowers have elves who live in them. He thinks that flowers are like garments or houses to the fairies, and you see Mr. Crane has made them garments—he has dressed the elves in the flowers.'

'So he has. But they are not real fairies, Marjorie, though I think they are even nicer.' By which it will be seen that Molly had not yet forgiven the Fairy Queen for the long, fruitless night watch, to say nothing of the tumble in the stream afterwards.

But, fortunately, a child's anger does not last for long, and in a week or so, Molly's feelings to the elfin race were as kindly as ever, although she no longer expected to see the little figures dancing about in the moonlight, or resting on the mossy banks after the sun had set. Her mind had ever been an active one, and her sister's present gave the child some new ideas on the subject of

fairies and fairy dwellings — ideas little less fanciful, but no less pretty, than those they had replaced.

One morning, soon after Marjorie's return, Molly entered her room, carrying a huge bunch of daffodils. 'Look, Marjorie,' she said; 'if the fairies won't let us go to them, we must make them come to us. I mean to invite all the guests that Queen Flora had at her feast. They can't help themselves, poor things; but I daresay they won't mind coming to see us, and I'll ask them in their proper order. I never knew how much there was in a daffodil before, and the next people will be even prettier, for they are the anemones.'

Molly kept her word. The days passed on, bringing with them fresh flowers, and the little girl welcomed each new-comer, and made use of him (or her) to illustrate a flower calendar of her own.

She had always been fond of flowers, and liked to have them about her; but now the buttercups and cowslips, the daisies and 'lilies of the vale,' and all the other members of the great flower army were more to her than they had hitherto been. They became personal friends, and amply repaid her increased interest in them, by giving her far greater pleasure, through their beauty and fragrance, than she had thought possible.

'Walter Crane has told me ever so much about flowers that I did not know before,' she remarked one night to her sister; and Marjorie answered somewhat dreamily, 'I wonder if he knows half

the pleasure that his book has given? I told you about Ida Fairfax, didn't I, Molly?'

'Yes,' answered Molly. 'She painted a great many of the flowers on panels for the Convalescent Home at Langton, didn't she? You told me about that. Oh, Marjorie, such a splendid idea has just come into my head!'

'Is it better than the last splendid one?' asked Marjorie, laughing.

'Oh yes, far better than the Fairy House. I can't paint, but you know little Mary Jackson and old Mrs. Rowe? They are both fond of fairy stories. Mrs. Rowe really does like them; at least,'—seeing a smile on Marjorie's face,—'she says she does. Well, I'll keep them in fairies too. I'll take down my book to-morrow, and tell them all about it.'

'Who are the next guests?' asked Marjorie. 'Our columbines are rather withered.'

'Queen Rose,' answered Molly promptly, who knew her book by heart.

'Ah, roses? They are always welcome. I think this is a very happy thought of yours, dear. You must tell me afterwards what Mary and Mrs. Rowe say about your fairies.'

'They are sure to like them,' returned Molly; and she was right. Both her friends, the little child and the old lady, were invalids, and the fairies themselves could scarce have given them greater pleasure than did the flowers, coupled with the bright face and cheery presence of the giver, who always brought them in person.

'You used to bring us bouquets before,' said

both the invalids, 'but somehow your flower calendars are different. They are so much more alive.'

'Yes,' answered Molly wisely; 'you can see so much more in a flower when you know it; and we do understand them better now, don't we?'

The time passed on. The flowers of summer gave place to those of autumn, and even these last faded in their turn, and were succeeded by those brave and cheery plants who are not afraid to face the snow fairies and frost elves that King Winter always brings in his train. It was the last day of the year, and Molly had paid a long visit to her little sick friend, taking with her a bunch of Christmas roses. After some time Marjorie joined her sister, and the two went on together to see Mrs. Rowe, who welcomed them heartily.

'Some more flowers for me, dear?' said the old lady. 'How good of you!' for Molly produced a second bouquet of Christmas roses, similar to that which she had left with Mary Jackson.

'These are the last guests,' she explained, and quoted—

> '"Now doth the floral pageant close
> With one last flower—a Christmas rose."

I brought you some before, but you must have a fresh bunch on the last day of the year.'

'Have you seen Mary Jackson to-day?' inquired Mrs. Rowe, after the roses had been put in water.

'Oh yes,' answered Molly; 'and we had a long talk. And do you know that we both settled that

the first real fairies must have been flowers, and the men who write fairy stories have turned them into people? Don't you think so too?'

'Well, I don't quite agree with you, Molly.'

'Don't you? But you do, Marjorie?'

'Yes and no,' answered Marjorie, with a smile.

'I don't know what you mean by that, Marjorie,' said Molly; then, turning to Mrs. Rowe, she asked earnestly, 'But do tell me, Mrs. Rowe, if flowers are not the real fairies, who are?'

The old lady took the child's hands in both her own. 'Flowers may be fairies too,' she said; 'but the best fairies, Molly, the prettiest and the realest fairies, I think, are—children.'



BOOKS

FOR

GIFTS AND PRIZES

TO

YOUNG PEOPLE

SELECTED FROM

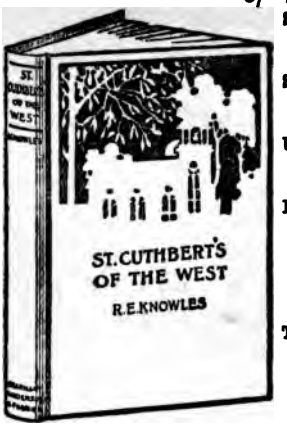
OLIPHANT ANDERSON & FERRIER'S

CATALOGUE

100 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH

21 PATERNOSTER SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

6/- BOOKS.



St Cuthbert's of the West. By Robert E. Knowles. Large crown 8vo, cloth extra.

Sir Raoul: a Story of the Theft of an Empire. By James M. Ludlow. Large crown 8vo, cloth extra.

Unequally Yoked. By Mrs J. H. Needell. Large crown 8vo, cloth extra.

Rab Bethune's Double; or, Life's Long Battle Won. By Edward Garrett. Extra crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt top, with six Illustrations of Border Scenes etched on copper by Haswell Donaldson.

The Daughter of Leontius; or, Phases of Byzantine Life, Social and Religious, in the Fifth Century after Christ. By J. D. Craig Houston, B.D. Large crown 8vo, on antique paper, cloth extra, gilt top.

By Adverse Winds. By Oliphant Smeaton. Extra crown 8vo, antique paper, art canvas, gilt top.

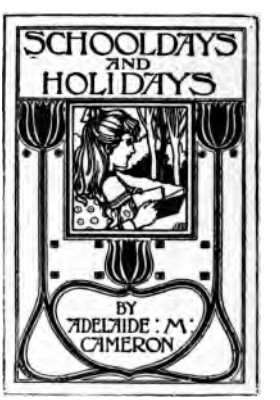
The Quest of a Heart. By Caldwell Stewart. Extra crown 8vo, antique paper, art canvas, gilt top.

For Stark Love and Kindness. By N. Allan Macdonald. Extra crown 8vo, antique paper, art canvas, gilt top.

The Souter's Lamp and other Stories. By Hector MacGregor. Large crown 8vo, cloth extra.

Gordon Ogilvy. By Annie Smeaton. Large crown 8vo, cloth extra.

5/- BOOKS.



One False Step. By Andrew Stewart. Extra crown 8vo, cloth extra, Illustrated.

Noel Chetwynd's Fall. By Mrs J. H. Needell. Extra crown 8vo, cloth extra, Illustrated.

Kilgarvie. By Robina F. Hardy. With Frontispiece by Robert M'Gregor, R.S.A. Extra crown 8vo, cloth extra.

After Touch of Wedded Hands. By Hannah B. Mackenzie.

A Romance of Skye. By Maggie Maclean. Large crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations by Lockhart Boyle.

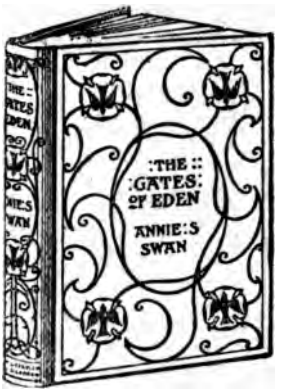
The Treasure Cave of the Blue Mountains. By Oliphant Smeaton. With Illustrations and Decorations by Joseph Brown.

Schooldays and Holidays. By Adelaide M. Cameron, Author of "Among the Heather," etc. Large crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, with eight full-page Illustrations.

Sketch Book of the North. By George Eyre-Todd. Foolscap 4to, cloth, with Illustrations by A. S. Boyd, A. Monro, S. Reid, and Harrington Mann. Fourth and cheaper edition.

ANNIE S. SWAN'S 3/6 BOOKS.

All Uniform Editions, in Handsome Binding, Decorated in Cream and Gold.



Sheila. With Frontispiece.

Maitland of Laurieston. With Frontispiece by George M. Paterson.

The Gates of Eden: A Story of Endeavour. With Portrait of the Authoress.

Briar and Palm: A Study of Circumstance and Influence. With Frontispiece by Ida Lovering.

St Veda's: or, The Pearl of Orr's Haven. With Frontispiece by Robert Macgregor.

The Guinea Stamp: A Tale of Modern Glasgow. With Frontispiece by George M. Paterson.

Who Shall Serve? A Story for the Times. With Frontispiece by Ida Lovering.

A Lost Ideal. Frontispiece by Elizabeth Gulland.

Also in Half Calf, Gilt Top, 5s., and Half Morocco, Gilt Top, 6s. per volume net.

3/6 BOOKS.

Bits from Blinkbonny; or, Bell o' the Manse: A Tale of Scottish Village Life between 1841 and 1851. By John Strathesk. New edition, crown 8vo, cloth extra, with six original Illustrations.

Gertrude Ellerslie: A Story of Two Years. By Mrs Meldrum. New and Revised Edition. Cloth extra, with Frontispiece.

The Laird's Secret. By Jane H. Jamieson. Crown 8vo, cloth extra. Second edition. With six beautiful Illustrations.

Preston Tower; or, Will He No' Come Back Again? By Jessie M. E. Saxby. With eight Full-page Illustrations. Large crown 8vo, cloth extra.

Heroes of Discovery: Livingstone, Park, Franklin, Cook, Magellan. By Samuel Mossman. New edition, with Portraits. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt.

Barbara Leybourne: A Story of Eighty Years Ago. By Sarah Selina Hamer. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, with Frontispiece.

Witch Winnie: The Story of a King's Daughter. By Elizabeth W. Champney. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, Illustrated.

Norman Reid, M.A. By Jessie Patrick Findlay. Extra crown 8vo, cloth extra, Illustrated.

An Old Chronicle of Leighton. By Sarah Selina Hamer. Extra crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Frontispiece.

Mrs Romaine's Household. By Evelyn Everett-Green. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt. Frontispiece by Sydney Paget.

My Brother Basil. By Mrs E. Neal. Large crown 8vo, cloth extra, with nine Full-page Illustrations, by R. Barnes.

Comrades True. By Ellinor Davenport Adams. Extra crown 8vo, with six original Full-page Engravings.

Richard Tregellas: A Memoir of his Adventures in the West Indies in the Year of Grace 1781. By D. Lawson Johnstone. Sixteen Full-page Illustrations.

The Wilful Willoughbys. By Evelyn Everett-Green. Large crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations by Arthur Hopkins.



Aleph the Chaldean; or, The Messiah as seen from Alexandria. By E. F. Burr, D.D., LL.D. Large crown 8vo, cloth extra.

Mr Gladstone: A Popular Biography. By Andrew Melrose. Large 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, with eight Full-page Illustrations.

In His Steps: "What Would Jesus Do?" By Charles M. Sheldon. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, with Frontispiece.

Schooldays and Holidays. By Adelaide M. Cameron, Author of "Among the Heather," etc. Large crown 8vo, cloth extra, with eight Full-page Illustrations.

Sprays of Northern Pine. By Fergus Mackenzie, Author of "Cruisie Sketches," etc.

John Armiger's Revenge. By P. Hay Hunter.

A Most Provoking Girl. By Margaret Moyes Black. Decorated title by Joseph Brown.

A Handful of Silver. By L. T. Meade, Author of "A Girl in Ten Thousand," etc. With Illustrations.

Reuben Dean. A Story of Village and University Life in Scotland, with Adventures of the Hero in the Army Medical Service on the Indian Frontier. By W. Leslie Low, D.D. With six Full-page Illustrations.



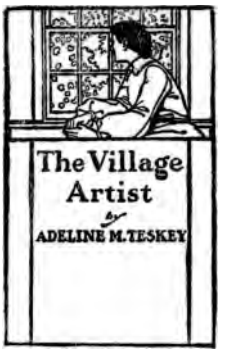
The Master of Craigens. By A. D. Ritchie. With six Full-page Illustrations by J. Allan Duncan.

The Luck of the House. By Adeline Sergeant. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with Frontispiece.

The Children of the Forest. A Story of Indian Love. By Egerton Young. Large crown 8vo, cloth, beautifully illustrated.

No Ambition. By Adeline Sergeant. Large crown 8vo, cloth extra, Illustrated.

The Children's Own. Being Sermonettes for each Sunday in the Year. By James Aitchison, Falkirk, Author of "A Bag with Holes," etc. Large crown 8vo, cloth extra.



The Village Artist. By Adeline M. Teskey, Author of "Where the Sugar Maple Grows." Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

Saint Cecilia of the Court. By Isabella R. Hess. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations.

If I were a Girl again. By Lucy Elliot Keeler. Crown 8vo, printed in two colours, beautifully bound.

Winsome Womanhood: Familiar Talks on Life and Conduct. By Margaret E. Sangster. Crown 8vo, handsomely bound, gilt top, with Illustrations. New Edition.

2s. 6d. BOOKS.

Crown 8vo, Cloth Extra, Illustrated.

Jeanie Wilson, the Lily of Lammermoor. Fourth edition.

In Glenoran. By M. B. Fife. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, Illustrated.

Bits from Blinkbonny. By John Strathesk. With Frontispiece.

The Laird's Secret. By Jane H. Jamieson.

Gertrude Ellerslie: A Story of Two Years. By Mrs Meldrum.

Marriage and Home Life. By Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges.

Adèle's Love: The Story of a Faithful Little Heart. By Maude M. Butler. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Frontispiece.

Kate and Jean. The History of Two Young and Independent Spinsters, narrated by their Landlady. By Jessie M. E. Saxby. Frontispiece.

Among the Heather. By A. C. Hertford. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Frontispiece by F. Dadd.



The Sandcliff Mystery. By Scott Graham, Author of "A Bolt from the Blue." Crown 8vo, cloth, with Frontispiece.

Ring in the True: A Story of Transition Times in Village Life. By Ella Stone. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Frontispiece.

After Long Years; or, Norman's Vow. By Ella Stone. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

Ida Cameron. By Margaret Parker. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

Tib. By George Douglas. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Frontispiece by Elizabeth Gulland.

Marred in the Making. By H. W. Shrewsbury. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, Illustrated.

EDWARD GARRETT'S BOOKS.

By Still Waters: A Story for Quiet Hours. By Edward Garrett.

Equal to the Occasion. By Edward Garrett, Author of "By Still Waters," etc., etc. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, Illustrated.

At Any Cost. By Edward Garrett.

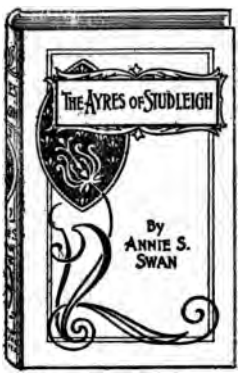
The Magic Flower Pot, and Other Stories. By Edward Garrett.

ROBINA F. HARDY'S BOOKS.

Glenairlie, or, The Last of the Græmes. By Robina F. Hardy.

Tibby's Tryst. By Robina F. Hardy. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

ANNIE S. SWAN'S BOOKS.



Ursula Vivian, the Sister Mother. By Annie S. Swan.

A Divided House. By Annie S. Swan.

Aldersyde. By Annie S. Swan.

Carlowrie; or, Among Lothian Folk. By Annie S. Swan.

Hazell & Sons, Brewers. By Annie S. Swan.

The Ayres of Studleigh. By Annie S. Swan. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

Doris Cheyne: The Story of a Noble Life. By Annie S. Swan.

Also in half calf, gilt top, 4s., and half morocco, gilt top, 5s. per volume net.

MAGGIE SWAN'S BOOKS.

For the Sake o' the Siller. By Maggie Swan. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

Through Love to Repentance. By Maggie Swan. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN'S BOOKS.

The Stronger Will. By Evelyn Everett-Green. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with seven Full-page Illustrations.

Falconer of Falconhurst. By Evelyn Everett-Green. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Full-page Illustrations.

The Doctor's Dozen. By Evelyn Everett-Green. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations.

Miss Uraca. By Evelyn Everett-Green. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with original Illustrations by Ella Burgess.

Judith. By Evelyn Everett-Green. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations.

A Girl in Ten Thousand. By L. T. Meade. Post 8vo, antique paper, art canvas. Decorated Title and Frontispiece

Waldtraut: A Story of the Forest. By M. Rudiger. Done into English, by arrangement with the Author, by Sophy G. Colvin. Post 8vo, antique paper, art canvas. Decorated Title and Frontispiece.

The Plagiarist. By William Myrtle. Post 8vo, antique paper, art canvas.

Green Garry. A Schoolboy's Story. By Marianne Kirlew. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations by W. S. Stacey.

When Hyacinths Bloom. By Ida Jackson. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations by Ida Lovering.

In the Heart of the Hills. A Tale of the Pacific Slope. By *Hattie* E. Colter. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations.

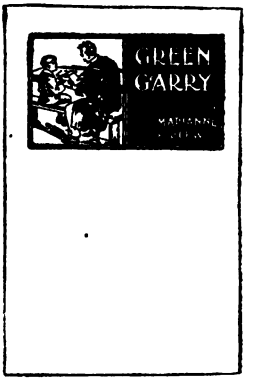
Bonnie Loch Lomon'. By Mrs Neil S. Hattersley. Large crown 8vo, Art linen.

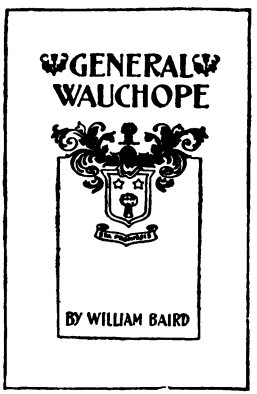
The Miracle at Markham: How Twelve Churches became One. By Charles M. Sheldon. Crown 8vo, art vellum, cloth, with Frontispiece.

Colina's Island. By Ethel F. Heddle, Author of "Three Girls in a Flat." Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with twelve Illustrations by Max Cowper.

James Inwick, Ploughman and Elder. By P. Hay Hunter. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations.

John Armiger's Revenge. By P. Hay Hunter. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Frontispiece.





Prince Rupert's Namesake. By Emily Weaver. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, Illustrated.

After Touch of Wedded Hands. By Hannah B. Mackenzie. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Frontispiece.

Sir John's Ward; or, The Heiress of Gladdiswood. By Jane H. Jamieson. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Frontispiece.

General Wauchope. By William Baird, F.S.A.Scot., Author of "Thomson of Duddingston," "Annals of Duddingston and Portobello," etc. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Portraits and other Illustrations.

Play the Man. Talks with Boys on the Battle of Life. By Herbert Reid. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges.



In Cheviot's Glens. By Jane T. Stoddart. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, with Illustrations.

A Fair Norwegian. By Andrew Stewart.

Seventy Times Seven. By Adeline Sergeant.

Madeline Power. By Arthur W. Marchmont.

My Ducats and My Daughter. By P. Hay Hunter and Walter White.

Crowned Victor. By H. B. Mackenzie.

William Blacklock, Journalist. By T. B. Maclachlan.

Marjorie Dudingstoune. By William Francis Collier.

2/6 BOOKS—*continued.*

SCIENCE TALKS TO YOUNG THINKERS.

Nature's Story. By the Rev. H. Farquhar, B.D. Post 8vo, cloth neat, with many Illustrations.

Facts and Fancies about Flowers. By Margaret Moyes Black. Post 8vo, cloth neat, with 14 Illustrations by C. C. P.

2s. BOOKS.

Crown 8vo, Cloth Elegant, Illustrated.



Dorothy's Vocation. By Evelyn Everett-Green.

Oliver Langton's Ward. By Evelyn Everett-Green.

Chrissy's Endeavour. By Pansy. Author's edition.

A Sevenfold Trouble. By Pansy and her Friends.

Scottish Sketches. By Amelia E. Barr.

Geraldine: A Tale from Real Life. By Nora Butler.

Won by Love: The Story of Irene Kendall.

The Wooing of Christabel. By Mrs Elizabeth Neal.

In Her Own Right. By Mrs Elizabeth Neal.

The Wish and the Way. By Mrs Meldrum.

The Young Brahmin. By Auguste Glardon.

Scenes and Sketches from English Church History. By Sarah M. S. Clarke.

Sister Constance. By K. M. FitzGerald.

Sifted as Wheat. By Mrs Elizabeth Neal.

Bush and Town: A Story of the Pacific Coast. By C. Kirby Peacock.

Swirlborough Manor. By Sarah Selina Hamer.

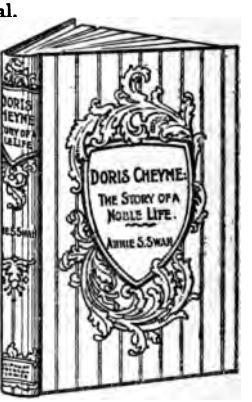
The Musgrove Ranch: A Tale of the Southern Pacific. By T. M. Browne.

Under the Live Oaks. By T. M. Browne.

Her Day of Service. By Edward Garrett, Author of "By Still Waters."

The Noble Printer: or, The Story of the First Printed Bible.

The Duke's Ward. A Romance of Old Kent. By Dora M. Jones.



ANNIE S. SWAN'S 1/6 BOOKS.
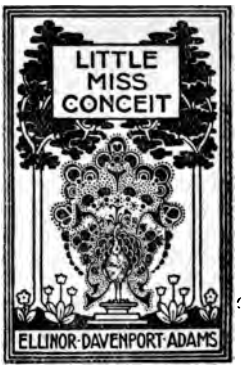
All New Editions, in Uniform Bindings, Illustrated, Crown 8vo. Also in half calf, gilt top, 3s. net, or half morocco, gilt top, 4s. net.

Aldersyde: A Border Story.

A Bachelor in Search of a Wife.

Across Her Path.

Annie S. Swan's 1/6 Books—*continued.*

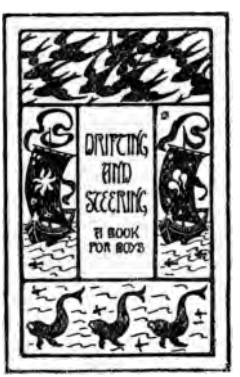


A Divided House.
Sundered Hearts.
Robert Martin's Lesson.
Mistaken, and Marion Forsyth. In one vol.
Shadowed Lives.
Ursula Vivian, the Sister Mother.
Dorothea Kirke. Illustrated.
Life to Those that are Bound (Vita Vinctis). By Robina F. Hardy, Annie S. Swan, and Jessie M. E. Saxby.
Wrongs Righted.
The Secret Panel.
Thomas Dryburgh's Dream, and Miss Baxter's Bequest. In one vol.
Twice Tried.
A Vexed Inheritance.
Hazell & Sons. Illustrated.
Doris Cheyne: The Story of a Noble Life.
Carlowrie; or, Among Lothian Folk.
The Bonnie Jean.

1/6 NEW SERIES.

Crown 8vo, Cloth Extra, with Illustrations.

A Pair of Pickles. By Evelyn Everett-Green.
Carrageen and other Legends. By K. M. Loudon.
Little Miss Vixen. By Evelyn Everett-Green.
Puddin': An Edinburgh Story. By W. Grant Stevenson, A.R.S.A. With six Illustrations, and initial letters by the Author.



Grizzly's Little Pard. By Elizabeth Maxwell Comfort. With three original Illustrations.
Little Miss Conceit. By Ellinor Davenport Adams. With six original Illustrations and Decorated Title.
Adolph, and how he found the "Beautiful Lady." By Fanny J. Taylor, with numerous Illustrations by Helene Toering.
Private James Fyffe: A Story of the Boys' Brigade. By Herbert Reid. Illustrated.
Ocean Venture: A Boy's Book of Sea Stories, Scenes, and Incidents.
Drifting and Steering: A Story for Boys.
ock Halliday: A Grassmarket Hero. By Robina F. Hardy.

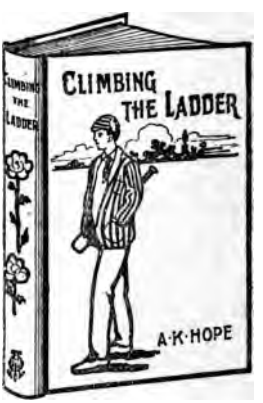
1/6 New Series—*continued.*

Tom Telfer's Shadow. By Robina F. Hardy.
Diarmid; or, Friends in Kettletoun. By Robina F. Hardy.
Johnnie: or, Only a Life. By Robina F. Hardy.
Bits from Blinkbonny. Cheap edition, with Frontispiece.
Anna Lee: The Maiden, Wife, and Mother.
Anna Ross: The Orphan of Waterloo.
Katie: An Edinburgh Lassie. By Robina F. Hardy.
Dunallan; or, Know What You Judge. By Grace Kennedy.
Love Conquers All. By A. C. Hertford.
Pollok's Tales of the Covenanters.
Memoir of Rev. Robert Murray M'Cheyne. By Rev. A. A. Bonar, D.D.
Last Days of the Martyrs. By Andrew R. Bonar.
Father Clement. By Grace Kennedy.
Pierre and his Family: A Story of the Waldenses. By the Author of "The Sea Boy's Grave," etc.

1/6 BOYS' BOOKS.

Small Crown 8vo, Cloth, with Illustrations.

Peter the Great.
Ned's Motto; or, Little by Little.
Crossing the Line: A Cruise in a Whaler.
Bertie Lee; or, The Threshold of Life.
Ben Hanson. By J. M. E. Saxby.
Hard to Win. By Mrs George Cupples.
Climbing the Ladder. By Mrs Forbes.
Jim Bentley's Resolve: A Temperance Story. By Lydia L. Rouse.
Joseph the Jew: A Tale. By Mrs Scott.
Juvenile Wit and Humour. Edited by Dr Shearer.
Bits about America. By John Strathesk.
Stratharran: A Story of the Crofters.
Tempted: An Episode. By M. M. Black.
Disinherited. By Margaret Moyes Black.
The Mystery of North Fortune. By George Douglas and Henry Derrick.
The Curse that came Home. By J. K. Lawson.
The Ghost of Gairn: A Tale of the "Forty-Five." By M. M. Black.
Matthew Dale, Farmer. By Mrs Sanders.
The House of Cargill, A Tale of the Smuggling Days. By M. M. Black.



1/6 GIRLS' BOOKS.

Lucy Raymond: or, The Children's Watchword.
Bible Pearls: A Book for Girls. By Madeline Leslie.
Letters to a Daughter. By Helen Ekin Starrett.
Ruth Lavender: A Tale of the Early Friends. By Dora M. Jones.
The Lost Tide. By Jessie Patrick Findlay.
Muriel Grey. By M. M. D.
A Case of Conscience. By Dora M. Jones.
A Vain Sacrifice. By Jessie K. Lawson.
Milicent's Mistake. By Sarah Selina Hamer.
Hilary Carew. By I. A. Taylor.
A Woman and Pitiful. By Margaret M. Black.



1/6 SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOKS.

Whitecross's Anecdotes on the Shorter Catechism.
Whitecross's Moral and Religious Anecdotes.
Biddy, Tibby, and French Bessie. By S. C. P.
In Rosby Village. By Mary Hampden.
Elton Hazlewood. By Frederick George Scott.

1/ BOOKS.

All New Editions, Enlarged Size and Improved Bindings.

The Lycee Boys: A Tale of School Life in France.
Elder Logan's Story about the Kirks. By John Strathesk.
Little Bluebird: The Girl Missionary. By John Strathesk.
Andrew Gillon: A Tale of the Covenanters. By John Strathesk.
The Basket of Flowers.
The Dairyman's Daughter.
Anna Ross: The Orphan of Waterloo.
The Shepherd Psalm for Children. By Josephine L. Baldwin.
Bible Promises. By Richard Newton, D.D.
Bible Wonders. By Richard Newton, D.D.
Bible Jewels. By Richard Newton, D.D.
The Great Pilot. By Richard Newton, D.D.
Bible Warnings. By Richard Newton, D.D.
Rays from the Sun of Righteousness. By Richard Newton, D.D.
Reformation Heroes. By Richard Newton, D.D.
The King's Highway. By Richard Newton, D.D.
The Safe Compass. By Richard Newton, D.D.
Bible Animals. By Richard Newton, D.D.
The Story of Stanley, the Hero of Africa.

1/- BOOKS—*continued.*

The Red Thread of Honour; or, The Minster School-boys.

The Pilgrim's Progress. With numerous Illustrations.



Robinson Crusoe. With numerous Illustrations.

Milestones, and Other Stories. By J. M. E. Saxby. Numerous Illustrations.

The Story of Tatters. By Hermione.

Livingstone and Park: Heroes of Discovery. By Sam. Mossman.

Airlie's Mission. By Annie S. Swan. With six original Illustrations by Lilian Russell.

The Bonnie Jean, and other Stories. By Annie S. Swan.

Jim Hallman: A Tale of Military Life. By C. G. C. M'Inroy.

On Schedule Time. By James Otis.

Saved by a Child. By R. Parker Graham.

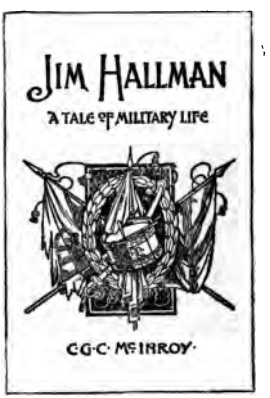
Jerry and Joe. By Bella Sydney Woolf.

Fairy Greatmind. By Maude M. Butler.

By Reeds and Rushes. By Esmé Stuart.

My Poor Niece. By Rosaline Masson.

Adventures in Western Africa. By H. S. B. Yates.



The Martyr Shepherd. By R. Hope Moncrieff.

NINEPENNY BOOKS.

Small Crown 8vo, Cloth Extra, with Illustrations.

Sketches of My Childhood.

Sam Silva. By the Author of "Biddy, the Maid of all Work."

The Boys of Springdale.

The Little Ballet Girl.

Agatha's Unknown Way. By Pansy.

The Village Flower Show.

9d. BOOKS—*continued.*

Little Nellie; or, He careth for You.

Miss Trouble-the-House: A Story. By Sarah M. S. Clark.

The First Printer's Early Days: A Sketch. By Mrs Campbell Overend.

A Cornish Lassie. By Robert Richardson, B.A.

A Little Australian Girl. By Robert Richardson, B.A.

The Countess and Her Children.

Freddy's Dream; or, A Bee in His Bonnet.

Robert's Birthday Present.

Sister Cora: A Tale of the Eighteenth Century.

The Story of Cranmer. By Rev. Dr Marshall.

Gideon Brown: A Story of the Covenant.

Why the Mill was Stopped; or, Evil overcome with Good.

Our Junior Mathematical Master. By Robert Richardson.

John Smith, and Other Stories.

The Broken Hyacinth.

Hannah's Home.

Kitty Brown Beginning to Think.

Little Pansy, the Minister's Orphan Daughter.

Lally Letham's Will: A Tale of the Great City.

Bernard Palissy, the Huguenot and Potter.

Jessie Allan, the Lame Girl. By Grace Kennedy.

Lame Allan; or, Cast thy Burden on the Lord. By Mrs Scott.



Helen of the Glen. By Robert Pollok.

Ralph Gemmell. By Robert Pollok.

The Persecuted Family. By Robert Pollok.

Black Harry; or, Lost in the Bush. By Robert Richardson.

Sunnyside School. By Lettice Lee.

Trot's Message. By Robina F. Hardy.

Flora Maclean's Reward: A Tale of the Hebrides. By Jane M. Kippen.

Marion Forsyth; or, Unspotted from the World. By Annie S. Swan.

Mistaken. Ay Annie S. Swan.

Miss Baxter's Bequest. By Annie S. Swan.

Thomas Dryburgh's Dream. By Annie S. Swan.

The Little Heroine of Poverty Flat. By Elizabeth Maxwell Comfort.

Pierre Arnaud: A Story of the Huguenots. By Ella Stone.

Hope. By Evelyn Everett-Green.

Roger Marcham's Ward. By Annie S. Swan.

6d. Net.

BUTTERFLY SERIES.

A New Series of Copyright Novels, beautifully printed and daintily bound in cloth.

Flats. By Evelyn Everett-Green.
The Silver Bullet. By P. Hay Hunter.
Sydney's Inheritance. By Mary S. Hancock.
The Kidnappers. By George H. Green.
Lucky Lines. By Jessie M. E. Saxby.
Sons of the Croft. By P. Hay Hunter.
Wyhola. By Evelyn Everett-Green.
A Mist from Yarrow. By A. J. B. Paterson.
Eleanor's Discipline. By Janet Brown.
Fishin' Jimmy. By A. T. Slosson and Imogen Clark.
Euphie Lyn. By Mrs J. K. Lawson.
The Crime of Christmas Day. By P. Hay Hunter.
Mr Mackenzie's Wedding. By J. H. Jamieson.
A Camsterie Nacket. By Jessie M. E. Saxby.

SIXPENNY BOOKS.

All New Editions. Illustrated. Cloth Extra.

Where Kitty Found Her Soul. By J. H. Walworth.
Captain John's Adventures.
Biddy. By S. C. P.

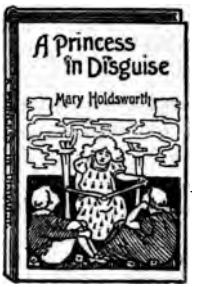


The Orphan of Kinloch.
Douglas Roy, and Other Stories.
Tibby. By S. C. P.
French Bessie. By S. C. P.
Two Gathered Lilies.
Little Fan, the London Match Girl.
The Pearl of Contentment.
Robbie's Christmas Dream.
The Pearl of Diligence.
Little Henry and His Bearer.
The Little Forester.
The Young Comforters.
The White Dove.
The Bracelets.
Blanch Gamond.
Ways of Wisdom.
The Best Work.
True Heart.
Fred the Apprentice.
Susy's Birthday.
Kitty Brown.
The Young Exile.
Red and White Roses.
Little Goldenlocks.
Nannette's New Shoes.
Katie's Christmas Lesson.
Tom's Memorable Christmas.
The Pearl Necklace.
Bess: The Story of a Waif.
The Bonnie Jean.
The Story of a Cuckoo Clock.
Syd's New Pony.
The Witch of the Quarry Hut.
Our Father. By Sarah Gibson.
A Little Home-Ruler.
Nellie's First Fruits.
Bunny's Birthday.
Di's Jumbo. By M. J. M. Logan.
Dick: A Missionary Story.
How Daisy Became a Sunbeam.
The Little Sand Boy.
Jack's Hymn. By Elizabeth Olmis.
Little Tom Thumb
Won for the Kingdom. By P. A. Gordon Clark.
Scotland's Saint. By James Wells, D.D.
The Church the Chilren Built. By Isabella C. Blackwood, Author of "The Early House of Blackwood."

FOURPENNY BOOKS.

Illustrated. Cloth neat.

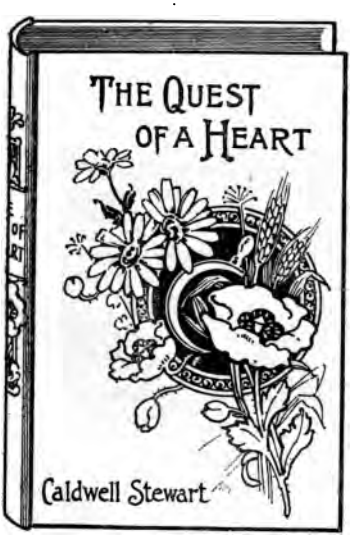
The King's Counsellor.
Poor Cock Robin.
Widow Gray.
Fanny's Old Freck.
The First Christmas Tree.
The German Pastor.
Dick Ennis.
Little Henry.
The Little Woodman.
Clive's Conquest.
Daring Dot.
Minnie Fenton's Wrong-doing.
Fighting a Goose, and Other Stories.
Kitty's Picnic.
Charley's Pussies.
The Girl without Shoes.
Allie's Prayer.
Sing a Song of Sixpence.
Mary, Mary quite Contrary.
Where the Sky Falls.
Adventures of King Clo.



A Princess in Disguise.
A Stranger in the Tea.
The House that Jack Built.
Nellie at the Cave.

SPECIAL 2s. 6d. BOOKS.

"PLEASANT HOUR" LIBRARY.



A Series of Large Popular Books by well-known Authors, in Special Cloth Bindings, and of some of Annie S. Swan's Books, bound two Volumes in one, price 2s. 6d.

Noel Chetwynd's Fall. By Mrs J. H. Needell.

A Handful of Silver. By L. T. Meade.

By Adverse Winds. By Oliphant Smeaton.

One False Step. By Andrew Stewart.

Unequally Yoked. By Mrs J. H. Needell.

My Brother Basil. By Mrs E. Neal.

SPECIAL 2s. 6d. BOOKS.

"PLEASANT HOUR LIBRARY"—*continued.*

An Old Chronicle of Leighton. By Sarah Selina Hamer.
Richard Tregellas. By D. Lawson Johnstone.
Aleph the Chaldean. By E. F. Burr, LL.D.
Comrades True. By Ellinor Davenport Adams.
Preston Tower. By Jessie M. E. Saxby.
Sundered Hearts and Shadowed Lives. By Annie S. Swan.
Twice Tried and Across her Path. By Annie S. Swan.
Wrongs Righted and Secret Panel. By Annie S. Swan.



Dorothea Kirke, Thomas Dryburgh's Dream, and Miss Baxter's Bequest. By Annie S. Swan.
Ursula Vivian and Life to Those that are Bound: By Annie S. Swan.
A Vexed Inheritance and Hazell and Sons. By Annie S. Swan.
Robert Martin's Lesson, Mistaken, and Marion Forsyth. By Annie S. Swan.
A Divided House, a Bachelor in Search of a Wife, and Roger Marcham's Ward. By Annie S. Swan.
Doris Cheyne and Carlowrie. By Annie S. Swan.

Aldersyde and Bonnie Jean. By Annie S. Swan.
The Daughter of Leontius. By J. D. Craig Houston, B.D.
The Quest of a Heart. By Caldwell Stewart.
For Stark Love and Kindness. By N. Allan Macdonald.
Reuben Dean. By W. Leslie Low, D.D.
The Master of Craigens. By A. D. Ritchie.
Rab Bethune's Double. By Edward Garrett.
Mr Gladstone: A Popular Biography. By Andrew Melrose.
A Most Provoking Girl. By Margaret Moyes Black.
Sprays of Northern Pine. By Fergus Mackenzie.
John Armiger's Revenge. By P. Hay Hunter.




STANFORD UNIVERSITY
3 6105 00015 8472

STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARIE
CECIL H. GREEN LIBRARY
STANFORD, CALIFORNIA 94305-6(
(415) 723-1493

All books may be recalled after 7 da

DATE DUE

SEP 25 1997

